

C N CALLING

When wilt thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations;
Not thrones and crowns, but men.

Ebenezer Elliott

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

**CANADA,
PEACEFUL
LAND OF
PROMISE**

See middle pages

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A WINDOW ON THE WORLD

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A LITTLE LAD IN CENTRAL EUROPE Three Jobs at Twelve

As the journalist entered the bicycle shop a thin and rather ragged little boy held the door open for her, then dashed out into the street like a catapult.

The lady of the shop (once she had been a lady of leisure, but all this happened in one of those Central European countries where people have to make a living as best they can in these days) gave a little sigh as she looked after him.

"He always runs like that when I send him on an errand. I can't think how he does it, tired out as he is."

"He looks delicate," said the customer. "Is that why he is tired?"

"He has too many burdens on his shoulders. Three jobs at once are no joke for a child of twelve."

A look of inquiry elicited further information.

A Full Day

"His father can't afford to pay his school fees—he's a locksmith and only makes about a pound a week; with five children that doesn't take him far. So Georgie (his name is George Szabó) has had to stay away from school this year, and he is trying to earn what is needed himself. From 7 to 12 and 2 to 6 he runs errands for me; between 12 and 2 he fetches meals from a restaurant for some bachelors near here; and from 7 until midnight he is employed to sell sweets and cigarettes at one of the cinemas. So he never gets his fill of sleep, poor little chap; and sometimes drops off as he stands."

At that moment the child came bounding back with several parcels under his arm, and the lady journalist, who had recently been interviewing a politician and a film star, suddenly decided to interview Georgie Szabó.

"I hear you're earning a lot of money," she said.

"Ye-es," replied the boy; "not nearly enough, though."

"Enough for what?" she asked.

"For my school fees. I thought if I worked hard during the summer holidays I could make enough, but it was no use. So I've had to skip a year. But I *think* I shall be able to catch up again," he added, a little wistfully.

"You mean you worked all through the summer? Didn't you have any time for playing?"

"I never play," said Georgie gravely; "I don't care for it."

"What do you like doing, then?"

"Reading. When I went to school I belonged to the school library, but now I have neither books nor time to read." Then his face brightened. "But I learn a lot at the cinema," he said; "the news-reel shows all that is happening in the world. All last summer there was the Spanish war; it was interesting but dreadful. I was so sorry for the poor Spaniards."

"Which side were you sorriest for?"

"Both alike. I am sure each side thought it was in the right. But it was the children I pitied most. Think how many orphans there must be, with so many fathers killed!"

Back at School Again

There was such a world of sorrowful compassion in his blue eyes as he said this that his questioner suddenly felt it could not be borne. Three jobs and the sorrows of a world gone mad were really too much for one frail little boy. Something must be done about it. So, as the only possible thing was to make him into a busy schoolboy again, the lady journalist went home and told the readers of her paper all about Georgie. As there are kind people everywhere only too glad to help if they are told where and how, it took exactly a week for Georgie to find himself back at school with all the fees paid. He goes to bed at nine o'clock, for he is straining every nerve to catch up with the other boys, and he can't do that unless he has his sleep.

Better Electric Lamps

An interesting invention which is claimed to give far longer life to electric lamps is the use of tiny tungsten bristles, or hairs, attached to the tungsten filaments.

The reason that electric bulbs blacken in time is that the tungsten metal of which the filaments consist vaporises at the high temperature of incandescence and deposits on the inside of the glass, the filaments becoming thinner and thinner until they burn out. When the

little bristles are used on the filaments they are vaporised first, and thus the filaments themselves have a much longer life. Lamps made in this way can be run at a higher pressure or voltage and give considerably more light for the same amount of electric current.

The present average-life of a half-watt incandescent lamp is 1000 hours, though many of the big lamps that are made for photographic studios only last from two to twenty-five hours.

The Harpist of the Hills



A harp solo played in the Gwynant Valley to appreciative members of the Harp Choir of Beddgelert, North Wales

THE POISONED ARROW The Policeman's Lot in South-West Africa

Life is hard enough for most of us today, but it is pathetically hard in some parts of the Empire. Here is a story of a fight for a man's life in a remote part of South-West Africa.

When on a camel patrol with a constable and some native trackers Sergeant Siebenhagen of Nuragas went in search of marauding Bushmen who had killed a farmer's cattle. Having found their deserted camp, Siebenhagen left the trackers in it with the camels and set out on foot with the constable to arrest the Bushmen.

Suddenly they were attacked, Siebenhagen was hit by a poisoned arrow, and the Bushmen escaped.

The constable at once pulled out the arrow and sucked the wound. Then he helped Siebenhagen to reach the waiting trackers, who placed the injured man on a camel and took him as fast as possible through difficult country to Karabib.

But they made very slow progress as they had to stop frequently in order to keep open the wound.

At Karabib a farmer started in his car for Grootfontein, the nearest town, to get medical supplies and help. So difficult were the roads owing to heavy rain that this 30-mile journey took 22 hours, and the return journey with a doctor and a police-sergeant in a second car resulted in both cars being embedded in a quagmire and camels having to be obtained for the last eight miles.

The wounded man was placed in a donkey wagon and taken to one of the cars; but this was only able to reach the hospital at Grootfontein after by-passes had been cut by natives in the forest to avoid the quagmires in the road. Sergeant Siebenhagen recovered, for, thanks to the prompt action of the constable, most of the poison had been drawn out of the wound.

THE SANCTUARY OF MUSIC

London's Great Festival

England has become this year the sanctuary of music.

In London music, like science, knows no international boundaries, and every musician who is known to all the world comes to it. But this memorable year there is a galaxy of genius for London's great Music Festival, with Toscanini the incomparable and Bruno Walter among the conductors, the Léner Quartet for Chamber Music, and no fewer than thirteen concerts by London's three leading orchestras.

Some of these concerts will take place in the most splendid surroundings. One of them is to be given, by the King's permission, in the Great Hall of Hampton Court Palace. This is indeed a Hall of Kings, for Henry the Eighth's architects rebuilt it after Cardinal Wolsey had been compelled to give the palace to his royal master. Splendid in its architecture and decoration, and in its superb hammer-beam roof, where some of the carving shows the arms and initials of Anne Boleyn, it is richer in its historic memories of great men and beautiful women. None who listen to the music of the Festival will hear it without a recollection of the echoes of Tudor days.

Other of the Festival concerts will have the National Gallery, the Royal Academy at Burlington House, and the beauties of the Wallace Collection at Hertford House for their concert halls. Nine choral concerts are to be added to the orchestral performances, with voices recruited from the Royal Choral Society, the Bach Choir, the Bradford, the Croydon Philharmonic, and the Huddersfield Choral Societies. At another concert a thousand picked voices from the church choirs of England are to sing.

Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells will have their seasons; and Glyndebourne will furnish the ideal setting for opera at its best, with summer nights and the nightingales as accompaniment.

LORD LOTHIAN FOR WASHINGTON

A Great Man For a Great Post

There has been much criticism of appointments which the Prime Minister has made and of appointments he has not made, but there can be no criticism on either side of the Atlantic of the appointment of Lord Lothian as the new Ambassador to Washington.

Lord Lothian is one of the best-travelled of all our public men, and no man has a profounder understanding of imperial and international affairs. He is an ardent Liberal, and will therefore be acceptable to Washington, and he has shown himself entirely free from any suggestion of antagonism to Germany, with whom he long urged an understanding.

As Secretary of the Rhodes Trust he has been in intimate touch with Americans for many years, and his view has always been that the supreme interest of the world was an Anglo-American resolve to maintain world peace.

Lord Lothian is 57 and unmarried. He has one of the noblest English homes, Blickling Hall in Norfolk, and is a thoroughly representative Englishman of deep and earnest convictions. He was one of the moving spirits of the Round Table Magazine in its early days, and one of the group of young men who took part with Lord Milner in shaping the new life of South Africa after the Boer War.

The right spirit between London and Washington is one of the most vital factors in these critical days, and it will be universally acknowledged that in this case the Government has hit on the right man for this great post.

Where There is Peace There is Hope

CIVILISATION must perish if Nazi-ism is triumphant outside its own borders, says Lord Baldwin, one of the best interpreters of international affairs and unrivalled in his understanding of the English spirit.

It is the chief hope of the world in these dark days that, though the opposing Powers in Europe were never more opposed, the Dictator nations have so far held their hand. The longer we wait for war to begin the less likely it is that it will begin. It is not to be denied that the building-up of Collective Security, and the increasing growth of a sympathetic understanding between France, Britain, Russia, Poland, Rumania, Greece, and Turkey, has been a stupendous reinforcement of the chance of Peace.

It is not necessary for the small neighbours of Germany to declare whether they are afraid of the Big Bad Wolf; Herr Hitler's childlike questions to them have only served to emphasise the fact that every neighbour of the Dictator countries is filled with fear of what the next violent stroke may be. If four nations have already been deprived of their independence, what guarantee have the next four on the list? The life of Europe becomes intolerable if two bullying nations are to be allowed to march their armies where they will, seizing what they will, trampling down

whom they will, and if Might is to be the only test of Right.

The growing strength of the Democracies, and the growing number of nations allied with them against aggression, is the answer to the tyranny which would dominate the world by force, and it is clear that its significance is not lost on the Dictators. In spite of blustering speeches the truth of President Roosevelt's message is impressing itself on Herr Hitler and Signor Mussolini, who must more and more realise that the way of War means ruin for their plans, and that the way of Peace will give them something of what they want.

We must all be thankful that, though Dictators thunder, they stay their hand, remembering that their own peoples long for peace. While there is life there is hope; while there is peace there is a chance that reason will prevail.

Never were so many forces working in the world to prevent a war, and all good people pray that they will succeed.

In the meantime our own country is stronger than at any other period of peace in its history. The Budget has revealed our financial strength, the appointment of a Minister of Supply has made our purpose clear, and there is a growing determination that no stone shall be left unturned to present the nation at its full strength in the face of any sudden attack.

Movements of the Fleets

It was odd (and of course disturbing) to be waiting the other day for the German Fleet to pass Dover on its way to Spain, and unusual to have the great fleets of the world in the news again.

Not since the beginning of the Spanish Civil War has a force of German warships sailed down the English Channel, and then the number was a small one; the other day it was 30. On this occasion all, or nearly all, the types that Germany now possesses passed by on their way to the coasts of Spain, where they are expected to exercise for a month. There are present two of her three pocket battleships, vessels of 10,000 tons driven at 26 knots by Diesel engines and claimed to be a miracle of condensed power within the limits set by the Versailles Treaty; two cruisers of 6000 tons, six destroyers, 15 submarines, and those auxiliary and depot ships which usually accompany a fleet on manoeuvres.

This fleet represents only about a fifth of the German Navy today, which is very different from 20 years ago when her magnificent fleet had surrendered at

the end of the war. Under an agreement with this country four years ago Germany undertook to build only up to 35 per cent of the total tonnage built by us, though the submarine tonnage might be equal. Though this agreement ended the restrictions in the Versailles Treaty it was hoped that it would lead to a general limitation in naval construction. This has not happened, but Germany has under its terms been able to build once again a fleet of no mean strength.

While this German Fleet has been proceeding to Spain the fleets of other nations have been moving in a dramatic manner. The Mediterranean Fleet of France set sail from Toulon the other week, and we had the unusual event of a French squadron at anchor in the harbour of Gibraltar with only one of our smaller warships to keep it company.

The main fleet of America, too, has left the Atlantic for the Pacific, and the locks of the Panama Canal have been filled to their brim with five 33,000-ton battleships, three aircraft carriers almost as huge, cruisers, and other warships.

Australia's New Premier

Mr Robert Menzies has succeeded Mr Lyons as Prime Minister of Australia. He was Attorney-General and Minister of Industry until recently, when he resigned because the Government would not go forward with the national insurance scheme which he had very much at heart.

A modest man of 44, Mr Menzies does not hesitate to declare his opinions, however unpopular they may be, and as a proof of the esteem in which he is held he was chosen to succeed Mr Lyons as leader of the United Australia Party in preference to the famous Mr W. M. Hughes.

Mr Lyons was able to carry out his policies because he could reckon on the votes of the Country Party to resist any opposition by the Labour Party; and in spite of the attitude of Sir Earle Page, leader of the Country Party, it is to be hoped that Mr Menzies will obtain sufficient support to continue that solidarity of purpose in these difficult times which Mr Lyons achieved for Australia.

The Budget

This year's Budget will go down into history not for its changes in taxation but for the vast figures of expenditure which make it a record peace budget.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has taken steps to meet the expenditure during the financial year of £1322,444,000 of which £627,738,000 will be devoted to defence. He proposes to meet this colossal bill by borrowing £380,000,000 and obtaining the remainder from revenue.

From this source the Chancellor had to find £24,000,000 more than existing taxes are expected to yield. He has therefore increased the duty on tobacco by 2s a pound and on imported foreign sugar by 4d a pound, so that even the poorest will contribute to the country in her hour of need.

Wealthier people will have to pay a horse-power tax of 25s instead of 15s from next January, and a higher rate of surtax and death duties.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

There has passed on at Bournemouth Sir William Ramsay, a great scholar and traveller, and a well-known writer on archaeology and geography.

A bust of pure gold, thought to be of the Roman Emperor Anthony the Pious, who died about 161, has been found in Vaud, Switzerland.

Two mills in Blackburn, the Shakespeare Mill and the Bath Mill, are to be turned into schools.

Rotterdam is to have a new zoological garden, at a cost of nearly £230,000.

Eire imports from Britain were £500,000 higher in the first three months of this year than in the corresponding period of 1938.

Hackney Council has introduced gardens for children on its housing estates.

Liechtenstein found itself without an army the other day when its last soldier, Andreas Klieber, died at 95.

In Argentina 144 foreign newspapers are published in 26 languages, including Armenian, Catalan, Croatian, English, Esperanto, Ukrainian, and Welsh.

Claimed as the world's longest locomotive, an engine 100 feet long, with 28 wheels and weighing 160 tons, has been built near Valenciennes in France for service in West Africa.

Last year Canada produced 34,000,000 pounds of honey.

An Englishman, an Irishman, a Scotsman, a Jew, and a German were recently elected as new members of the Arlington Village Board, near Johannesburg.

British railways now carry 200,000 new bicycles in special crates every year, compared with 24,000 five years ago.

Mr Leonard Starkey of Pinner has made a model of Hereford Cathedral complete in every detail, and so small that it will fit into the palm of the hand.

In Argentina there are a hundred schoolteachers for every 55 soldiers.

THINGS SEEN

A fruit tree laden with blossom hanging over the wall in a Kensington street.

A finch sipping the soup in a kitchen in Kent.

The beauty of Ullswater Lake polluted by tons of stone from lead mines.

At Baildon, Yorkshire, a bird box with this inscription: Apartments for a bird! Large families preferred.

THINGS SAID

The truth is that there are no good taxes. Chancellor of the Exchequer

Our ideas of liberty are as clear and tenacious as at any time in the history of England. Lord Maugham

The whole trend of British thought rests essentially on "Live and let live." Lord Halifax

If we wish to make a new world we have the material ready. The first one was made out of chaos. Buffalo News

The slaughter on the roads demands an abstainer at the wheel. Wayside Pulpit

I am grateful that I live in a country where the leaders sit down on Thanksgiving Day and carve up a turkey instead of a map.

Mr Eddie Cantor in America

THE BROADCASTER

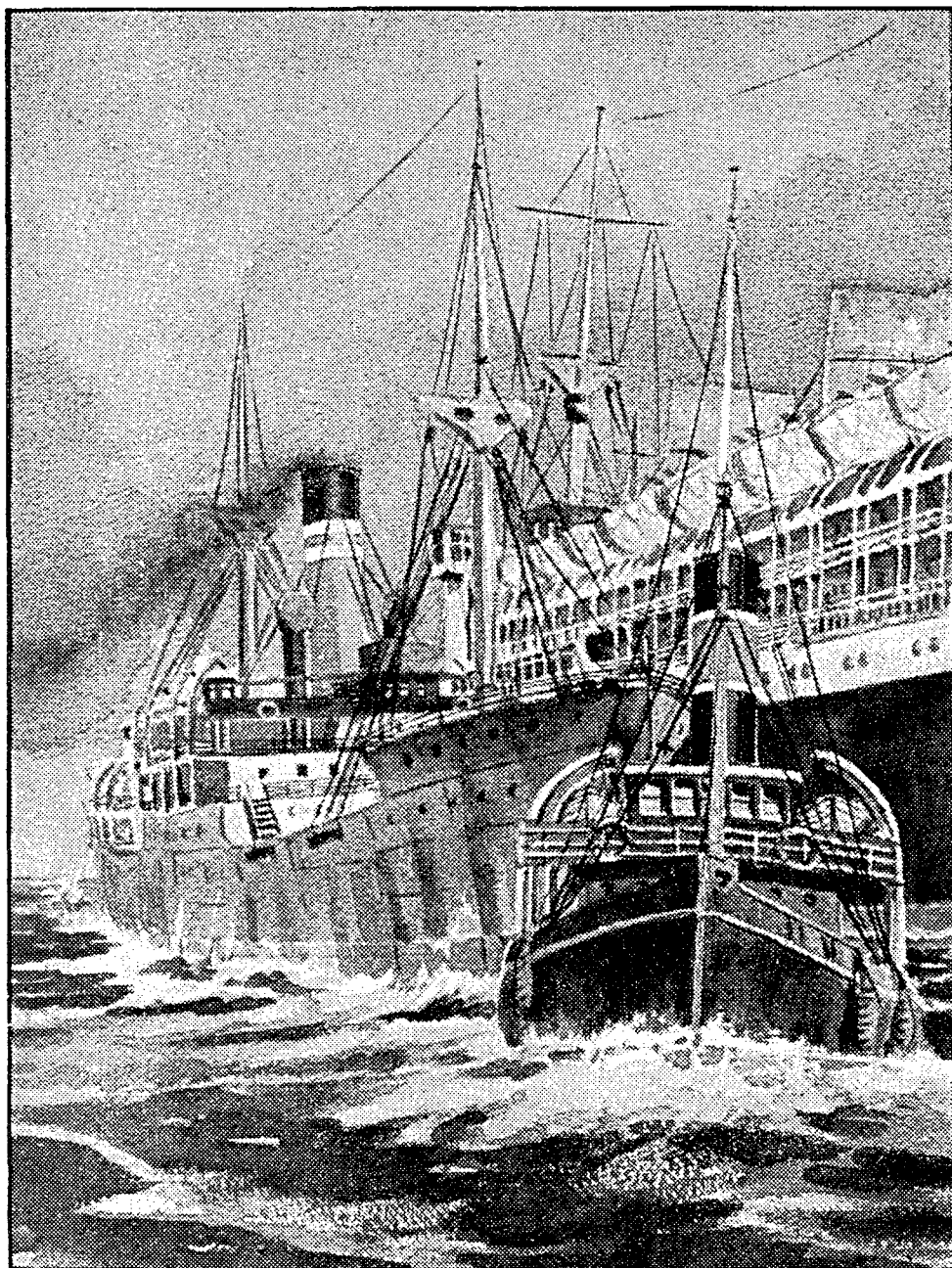
THE Kenya Government has voted £50,000 toward the endowment of Makerere College for natives in Uganda.

AN anonymous gift of £1500 has enabled a holiday home for needy families to be opened at Gretton in the Cotswolds.

Eggshell Tulips • Young Artists



Eggshell Tulips—No eggshells are thrown away in the home of Miss D. Fuller of Cliftonville, for, with the aid of sealing-wax, twigs, and paints, they are transformed into decorations resembling tulips, as shown

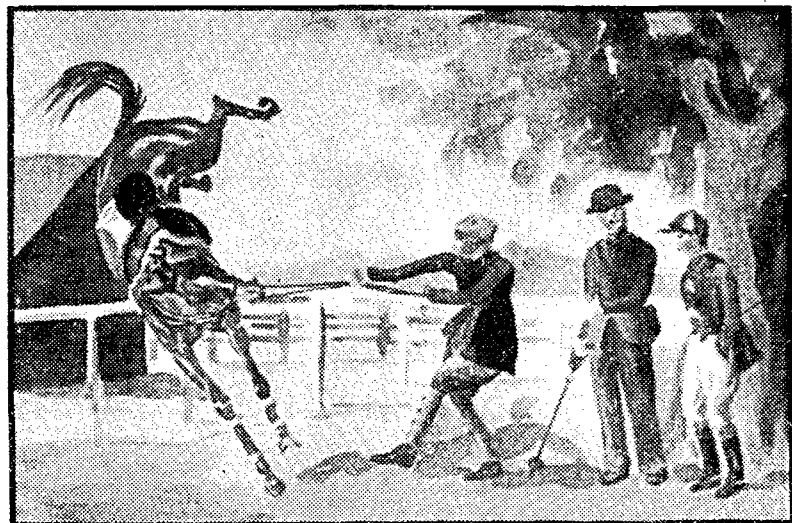


The Children's Academy—President's Prizewinners at the Jubilee Exhibition of the Royal Drawing Society, held at the Guildhall Art Gallery in London: on the left, Tramp Being Towed Past Tilbury, by R. T. Back, aged 16; and, right, His Mount, by Deva Cayzer, aged 15

The Town Crier



Oyez, Oyez, Oyez—Mr F. Welch, Town Crier of Bridport, makes an announcement



ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND

The Glider Crosses the Channel

Thirty years ago M. Bleriot flew the Channel in his monoplane and all the world wondered.

This spring Mr G. H. Stephenson made the Channel passage in his glider with nothing to sustain it in its flight except the winds.

M. Bleriot's historic hop was a mere 40 miles from Baraques in France to a meadow behind Dover Castle, where he landed with no one to applaud him but a policeman. Mr Stephenson's flight, when he took the Channel in his stride, was one of 125 miles, from the London Gliding Club's grounds at Dunstable to Boulogne. It took him three hours, at an average speed, therefore, of about 40 miles an hour, which was approximately the same speed as that of M. Bleriot's engine-sustained monoplane.

Knowledge of Air Currents

The comparison is a most interesting one in showing the immense strides taken in the knowledge gained about air currents since the first aeroplanes first showed the way. Mr Stephenson was not the first to cross the Channel in a sailplane, or glider, which bears the same relation to the ordinary plane as a sailing boat to a petrol launch. But other sailplanes which have crossed the Channel have first been towed up to a considerable height by an aeroplane, and then released from it on a favouring wind current.

Mr Stephenson's sailplane was merely run off from the hillside at Dunstable, and soared up to the clouds with no other assistance but the uprising currents of air selected by the pilot's skill.

The gliders have travelled far from the days when the pioneers, Lilienthal, Chanute, and Pilcher, had to be satisfied with flights of a few hundred yards in their experiments. What would those pioneers have said of a sailplane that got up into the air by its own power, stayed there, and made a soaring flight of 125 miles before alighting? Or what would they have thought of the German pilot, Herr Brautigam, who on the day after Mr Stephenson's success was announced made on his glider a non-stop flight of 225 miles from Chemnitz to Vienna? An English pilot, Mr Philip Wills, glided last year 206 miles from Heston to St Austell in Cornwall.

Boys Being Trained

The number of accidents in these soaring flights is very small. So few are they that boys of the Air Defence Corps cadets are being instructed in gliding on Dunstable Downs. They are taught how the controls are operated, and are permitted, when efficient, to make short solo flights in the simpler sailplanes. More than 700 boys will receive training this year. But between short solo jumps and long flights in a sailplane there is much to learn.

The sailplane is borne up by the spirals of warmer air which lift the clouds. The accomplished glider has to learn how to find them, how to keep them, and how to make use of them.

The Invisible Laundry Mark

A new use for invisible ink is being made by some of the big laundries, who are marking linen with large numbers or letters for identifying them "in the wash."

These marks are painted on the articles of clothing with an invisible ink which remains indelibly in the texture. They are quite big, and are very clearly seen by the laundry sorters when they hold the articles up before an ultra-violet lamp. The ink letters or numbers glow with a brilliant fluorescent light under the influence of the invisible ultra-violet rays, and the work of sorting can be done much more quickly.

The Modern Prospero

MANY forms of magic did Prospero perform in his island home to give a background of mystery and unreality to Shakespeare's lovely play *The Tempest*; but even Prospero's fabulous deeds were less satisfactory to the modern mind than the reality achieved by British cable station men on Cocos Islands, a group of coral atolls lying 500 miles south-west of Java.

These men of the electric cables have done for their island home what one of their forerunners, a sergeant of the Royal Marines, did for Ascension Island far away in the South Atlantic. His name was Buckingham, and, being introduced with some ceremony to one of our grown-up readers, he said with solemnity, "Sir, I don't know whether I shall be famous, but I certainly am the man who, getting soil from one place and seed from another, grew the first cabbages ever seen on Ascension."

The Cocos men (as we read in the *C N* last week) have obtained soil from Christmas Island, and in that have sown seeds from which have sprung crops that enable them to have fresh vegetables every day—an immense attainment when we consider the nature of the islands.

It was Darwin who first made these islands famous, for he visited them during his voyage in the *Beagle* and revealed their grim wonders to the world. The only soil, if such it could be called, consisted entirely of little rounded fragments of coral; yet in these flourished not only abundant

coconut trees, but five or six other species, and about 20 species of weeds.

Every one of these growths had risen from seeds brought by ocean currents from Java and Sumatra, in company with entire uprooted trees, timbers, and even boats torn from their distant anchorages. With the trees, screened in the roots, had come a few reptiles and many insects.

The things that grow naturally there are just such products as can live, like desert plants, in a sandy soil; but there were no vegetables of the sort that come to our tables. For these real soil was needed, such as that which has now arrived with its promise of fertility from Christmas Island.

What we shall all want to know is whether the terrible crabs of the island will content themselves with their former diet or make a change to cultivated vegetables.

For the Cocos crabs live on coconuts. They are huge creatures (their bodies yield as much as a quart of pure oil), and they make a living by tearing off the husk of the nuts with their mighty fore claws, and then inserting the thin, narrow hind claws through the eyes of the nut and so extracting the flesh within. With cabbages available, might they not adapt themselves to an easier method of obtaining a dinner?

That such crabs are adaptable we know from the fact that elsewhere they live entirely on the young of seabirds that nest on the islands which the birds share with these loathsome creatures.

Germany and Rumania's Oilfields

The first oilfield to be developed by the German-Rumanian Company set up under the recent trade agreement has been selected at Snagov, 25 miles from Bucharest.

Now that a trade delegation from this country has been discussing future relations between Britain and Rumania, Germany is hastening to take advantage of her own agreement. The oil problem is very important for, owing partly to the exhaustion of the older oilfields and to a greater domestic use of her oil, Rumania has not been exporting so much in recent years.

Last year her exports amounted to 4,500,000 tons, compared with nearly 6,900,000 in 1936. Greater Germany, which is her biggest customer, receiving only half as much in 1938 as in 1936, or a little over 700,000 tons. As Germany's normal requirements are as much as five million tons it is obvious that Rumania could not supply them from her present export surplus, even if the whole of it went to Germany. Great Britain imported 549,000 tons of oil from Rumania last year. France has recently signed an agreement to take 700,000 tons annually, or three times as much as last year.

Drink More Fruit

Our land so badly needs to cultivate new industries that it is sad that so many new paths are neglected. Among them is the preparation of fruit juice.

In America, Germany, and other countries great progress has been made in producing fruit juices. Germany now has an output of apple juice of nearly 20,000,000 gallons a year, and many kinds are produced in America.

Pure fruit is a most valuable food, and on the Continent of Europe it is regarded as a useful aid in fighting disease. The energy-giving power of apple juice is said to be two-thirds that of milk. It is a valuable weapon in the fight against alcohol as well as being a delightful drink in itself.

In England the industry began in 1936. Its value in affording a new market for the fruit-grower, and in absorbing surplus fruit in seasons of prolific crops, should be very great.

The Curse of the Football Pools

With 50 million pounds sterling wasted yearly on football pools it is natural that shopkeepers, people who sell goods on the instalment plan, and domestic trade in general should suffer from this immense transfer of money from productive to unproductive channels.

This side of the case has been set forth many times in many quarters, but nothing has been done. Now, however, comes testimony from an unexpected quarter, from a football expert, Mr Herbert Warren, the new manager of the Chelmsford City Club.

From his experience of the financial affairs of known but unmighty teams he has been able to declare that football pool betting is killing the small professional clubs.

There are many people, he says, who prefer to have a shilling on a pool to spending that sum in seeing a game. So the clubs suffer and must die, slowly killed by the gambling octopus that battens on true sport and is killing some of the best things still left in the world.

Mr Sam's Watch

When Mr Sam Wyartt wants to know what time it is he takes out a watch weighing over four pounds.

He keeps it in his waistcoat pocket, though it is five inches across and an inch and a half thick. Pulling out the watch by its ponderous chain, he glances at the big, plain face to see the exact time, replaces it, and goes about his work.

At any rate, that is what he has done for 40 years, and in all this time his watch has never gained or lost a minute.

But a few days ago Mr Sam lost the key. It was bigger than the key of a grandfather clock, and no watchmaker has one to fit it. Perhaps by now he has had a key made to fit, and if so he will be happy again.

Mr Wyartt won his watch in a boxing match when little more than a boy. Today he is a well-known figure in East Anglia, living at Flowton, near Ipswich, and attending the local markets, where he is a fine judge of horseflesh.

Scores of people have wanted to buy Mr Wyartt's watch, but he stoutly declares that he would not exchange it for all the tea in China.

THE MINISTRY OF SUPPLY

Mr Hore-Belisha's Assistant

Dr Leslie Burgin has been appointed Minister of Supply, and the job is more important than the man.

Among all the loud cries for a united national effort, beginning with a national register of man power and leading on to national compulsion of its employment, the need for equipping the men is often overlooked. It is to equip the men who are enrolled, or who may be enrolled, that the Ministry of Supply has been established by the Prime Minister.

The Army is to have first call on the Supply Ministry's services. The Navy and the Air Force are otherwise provided for, though at some future time the Ministry's powers may be enlarged to cover their demands also. At present it will have all its work cut out for it in supplying to the Regular Army and the Territorials the arms and munitions and the transport those forces must have.

A Herculean Task

Such a Ministry will have the power to speed up the manufacture of the things it needs, whether made in Government arsenals or by private firms. It will have to supervise contracts, prevent profiteering, and in any and every way speed up production while preserving efficiency and economy. Anyone who has any knowledge or recollection of the muddles of 25 years ago will know what a herculean task lies before those who attempt it.

Dr Leslie Burgin, who succeeded Mr Hore-Belisha as Minister of Transport, now should be his right-hand man in shouldering some of the impediments which get in Mr Hore-Belisha's way at the War Office; and the knowledge the one has of the other's abilities and methods should contribute to the success of the partnership. But the worst thing that could happen would be prejudiced criticism of Dr Burgin before he is on his way.

The soundest advice to all is "not to shoot at the organist. He is doing his best."

The Money Side of a Ton of Coal

The coal-mining industry is one of the few trades in which we can state exactly how the proceeds of the work are divided. It is a very interesting and important matter.

Last year our coal-miners drew £107,370,000 in wages. This meant an average per week of £2 17s 6d for each worker, if we add to the cash wages the value of allowances in free coal, and so on. For men only the average was higher—£3 2s 6d a week.

Such are the small earnings of the trade on which so much depends. It should not be thought, however, that much more could have been paid out of the prices obtained for the coal. Here is how each ton of coal worked out:

| | s | d |
|--------------------------|----|---|
| Sold at the pit-head for | 17 | 4 |
| Wages | 10 | 6 |
| Other costs of working | 5 | 6 |
| Leaving for profit | 1 | 4 |

Unless a better price can be got for coal, or unless more can be produced for the same labour, the industry cannot pay better wages. The difficulty is that higher prices would raise the cost of British manufacture and reduce the call for coal at home. In the export trade the industry has to meet foreign competition in a reduced market.

To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home.

MRS TIT'S CHOICE

A Scottish reader of the C N has written to tell us of a little tit in her village who chose a very strange place for setting up house.

It chose the village's one and only cigarette machine, and carefully built its nest on top of the hole where the returned coins come out.

It is not a very safe place to bring up a family, and it is hoped that Mrs Tit will not be disturbed by anyone until her little ones are old enough to fend for themselves.

SWEDEN'S WATERWAYS

Because Sweden's rivers have many rapids and shallow stretches, waterways, called timber flumes, are built, down which logs are floated from wood to mill.

These are generally built of wood, but lately they have been made of concrete, and the other day Sweden's longest timber flume was finished.

This concrete channel is about nine miles long, and was constructed by the Swedish State Forestry Department. It has taken two years to build, and over 50 bridges have had to be made over it.

TROUBLES OF EIRE

Eire's economic condition continues to be serious, and we must not blame her for that. What we used to call Ireland is a naturally poor country, and therefore difficult to develop and to govern.

So poor is she that Eire contains more unmarried men and women between the ages of 26 and 35 than any other country in the world; they feel they cannot afford to marry.

The county of West Meath has given notice to quit to some 300 unmarried men living in cottages controlled by the local authority if they do not marry within six months; it will be interesting to see the result.

So many people are puzzled about the pronunciation of the name Eire that we may point out that it nearly rhymes with Sarah.

FROM CHINA TO SCOTLAND

A lovely little blue flower will soon be found growing in Scottish gardens, a gift from China.

For years Scottish gardeners have tried in vain to raise it from seeds brought all the way from Yunnan, but it was always found that the seeds perished during the long journey by land and sea. Recently seeds of this blue primrose were flown by air. They were packed in a vacuum flask, and after their long journey proved to be full of vitality, some of them growing finely in Major Wood's rock-garden at Rosslyn Castle.

SAWDUST

In Canada sawdust is being used extensively as fuel. Already 15,000 houses and offices in British Columbia, for example, are being heated by it.

It has been found that when correctly prepared and used sawdust is an admirable fuel. It is light and therefore portable. It burns freely and leaves little ash. A sawdust fire is easily controlled, and is cheap.

Once useless, sawdust is now serving to keep the home fires burning.

THE MARSH BUGGY

A weird and wonderful invention of man is now king of Louisiana's marsh-land.

It is a giant marsh buggy of glittering aluminium which can tackle any kind of ground or no ground at all. Men searching for oil in these marshes found that many places were inaccessible either by boat or lorry, and so the marsh buggy was invented, which carries half a dozen men and their instruments wherever they want to go.

A combination of a car, lorry, tractor, and paddle-boat, its gigantic wheels of stainless steel take everything in their stride. The huge tyres furnish traction on both land and water, acting as paddle-wheels when the machine is afloat.

Eight Elms for Fifth Avenue

EIGHT English elms have made their appearance in the famous Fifth Avenue of New York, a street of skyscrapers and very modern buildings built on the solid rock of Manhattan Island.

It has been a dream of Mr Rockefeller to plant a row of English elms along the frontage of the amazing group of buildings known as Rockefeller Centre, the tallest of which is 65 storeys high and is packed as full of busy business offices as a hive is of bees. Each of these forty-year-old elm trees, which have been brought into the city from a country estate where they have been gaily growing for the past twenty years, has been set in a hole 12 feet square and four feet deep. There being no nourishment in Manhattan rock, a number of pipes have been introduced

into the soil with which the holes are filled so that chemical food can be administered to the roots three times a year.

It is the dream of New Yorkers to make their city a city of real avenues. At present the word Avenue means only a perfectly straight street running from the south to the north of Manhattan Island. Previous experiments have shown, however, that trees given a tiny bit of soil in a hole cut out of a rock will grow happily with the artificial food that is fed to them. So these avenues of stone, iron, and cement are very gradually becoming beautified by the presence of green, and surely enough just as fast as the trees are planted the birds come from seemingly nowhere to inhabit them.

WOODLAND FIRES

Last year was a serious one for British commons and woodlands. There were 1100 destructive fires, causing damage estimated at £40,000, although £27,000 was spent in fire protection.

The Forestry Commission says that cigarette ends thrown from cars on to the grass verge of a road and unextinguished matches and picnic fires frequently start a forest fire, unknown to the person responsible for it.

We beg our readers never to light fires in or near woodland or on heaths and commons. There is no need. Thermos flasks are cheap for the conveyance of hot tea, and, after all, cold food is the essence of a picnic.

A WELSH GIRL AND HER TAPESTRY

Just over half a century ago a young Welsh girl of Aberdovey, Mary Blackwell, began to work on a tapestry copy of a Murillo painting.

Years went by and she continued steadily at her work. Romance came into her life, and, together with her young husband, she went to America, and finally settled in Denver. The half-finished tapestry went with her, and all her spare time was given to it.

Now grey-haired Mrs Joseph Harris, as she has become, has at last finished the work. Experts say it is a masterpiece and rich people have offered her a fortune for it; but Mrs Harris is not parting with her treasure, and when she passes on it will go to her daughter, to be handed down in the family.

A POUND GOES A LONG WAY

Aluminium wire for the electric instruments known as string galvanometers is drawn out so fine that a hair from the head looks like a rope beside it.

It is in fact the ten-thousandth part of an inch in diameter, and a single pound of the aluminium used in its manufacture would make 20,000 miles of wire. In other words, a pound of aluminium could be made to stretch nearly round the world; but the cost of making it would be £100,000.

DINNER-TIME IN MARINELAND

Visitors to Marineland, the magnificent aquarium in Florida, are much impressed with the way the fish are fed.

A big bell is lowered into the 784,000-gallon tank, and when it is rung the fish know it is dinner-time.

Down among them goes a diver, carrying dozens of mullet, which he feeds to the porpoises and other marine creatures. At first the fish resented the diver's intrusion, but now they are used to him and swim right up and take the fish from his hands. The "waiter" has to carry a hammer for protection against one of the monsters; and who wouldn't, for it is the biggest shark ever captured alive!

The water in this huge tank is changed six times a day, with five million gallons of water flowing through it.

TELEPHONE NEWS

The latest figures tell us that by 1940 there will be 41 million telephones in service throughout the world, and that America, though she has only one-seventeenth of the world's population, will operate nearly half of them.

In our big cities the telephone books in exchange booths usually last for six months, and even then some of them are in quite good condition. But in New York the life of the average telephone book in a booth is only two days. Even in the outlying districts of the metropolis a 45-ounce directory has to be renewed at least once a week.

THE ROAMER'S RIGHT-OF-WAY

A great work is being undertaken by the Commons Preservation Society in surveying in the public interest the nation's rights-of-way.

The matter is of importance to all, and especially to the growing army of roamers, old and young.

Great Britain has 177,256 miles of roads, 135,000 of these being minor roads of great interest to pedestrians. But the true roamer loves to put his foot on common land, or on footpath and bridle-path. It is estimated that these have a length even greater than the road mileage. The Commons Preservation Society is urging local authorities, large and small, including the parish councils, to help them to map all public rights-of-way, and it is hoped to induce local authorities to erect signposts on them.

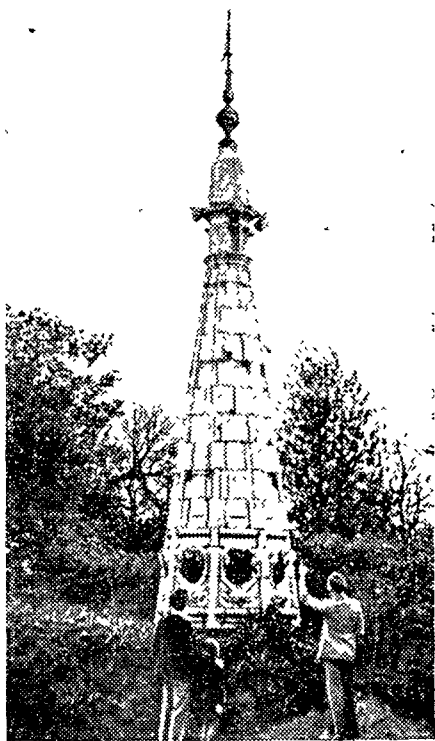
PEACE IN THE ETHER

A new Broadcasting Conference, after sitting for six weeks at Montreux, has successfully revised the allotment of wavelengths among the nations.

Thirty-one States have agreed on a plan, and five others, while not wholly agreeing, are prepared to be reasonable. These others are Russia, Turkey, Greece, Iceland, and Luxemburg. Luxemburg is the chief difficulty, for she insists on a long-wave transmission, which is hardly due to her as a very small nation.

The new plan will come into operation next March, when we shall have to relearn our numbers. Droitwich will become 1511 instead of 1500, and London Regional 327.8 instead of 342.1.

Power transmission has also been revised. Long-wave stations will be able to use 500 kilowatts by day and 200 by night. Medium-wave stations will be permitted to use up to 120 kilowatts.



The spire of St Antholin's, a London church built by Wren and demolished in 1875, which now stands in a garden in Forest Hill

A TREAT FOR THE ROAD

Road Number 99 in Visalia, California, has had a spring cleaning it will long remember.

The other morning a lorry loaded with soap collided with another lorry carrying bottles of perfume, and both were spilled all over the road. Then it began to rain, and the road became so clean and sweet-smelling that motorists could hardly bear to travel along it!

MILLIONS OF ROSE TREES

The British rose industry has grown out of all knowledge. A few years ago about nine million rose trees a year were grown in this country; last year the number was 27 million.

Thousands more workers are employed on roses, and the number of experts is considerable. Hundreds of new sorts are evolved every year, and, while many are dropped as not worth continued cultivation, new varieties of value often make their appearance.

Now all that we need is better gardens for suburban houses, to enable the people to grow roses in better circumstances.

THE GARDENER

This is the time when we need the services of a gardener; and before choosing one we may well recall the advice which an old Irish lady used to give to her neighbours.

"Is it a gardener you be wanting?" she would ask. "Sure, look at his trousers. If they're patched at the knees he's the man you need. If they're patched at the seat, begorra, have nothing to do with the man."



Anna Neagle as Nurse Cavell in a new film to be made in Hollywood

DAYS OF LONG AGO

A Roman coin has been found in the grounds of a school near Porthcawl. About 2000 years old, it shows a crocodile chained to a palm, and commemorated Rome's conquest of Egypt.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 6

1939

A Window on the World

EVEN to lie ill at a window in these days is something of a wonder, for surely the world has never been more beautiful.

Live we a hundred years we can know no greater marvel than the coming of the Spring, the waking up of the hidden beauty of the earth, Mother Nature, after her long winter's rest, putting on her gay attire. This year there is something pathetic about it all, for it is a moving sight to see the quiet earth waking up again, little dreaming what it may be waking up to.

The sleepless ministers of Nature move on silently, transforming the fields and hedgerows, the woods and the meadows, the lanes and the little cottage gardens, and nothing of the clamour of ill-will, no hateful strife, no jarring noise, comes into their mighty work. The messengers of Nature move like stars upon their soundless way, yet perfectly they accomplish their task, and never fail. Their task? What is it but the spreading of happiness and beauty and delight about the earth?

Looking out from a window as April turns into May is like looking into a dream world of enchantment. The valley is clothing itself with new delights. The ring of hills with their climbing hedgerows is changing colour. The cedars, swaying in the wind, are tipped with buddings of new life. The great beech in the wood throws out a thousand arms of delicate green, and its little neighbour the wild cherry tree stands in pure white glory, knowing that there is nothing more beautiful now. The hornbeams are like showers of falling snow. The larches are piercing their way up to the sky. The pear blossom fills the orchards with its promise.

And everywhere is the glory of the flowers. Never were so many wild violets in the wood, never so big. Never were the primroses more beautiful. The daffodils are going, but some of them linger in the deep spring grass, as if they know we weep to see them pass away so soon; and among them are the bluebells, the everlasting glory of our Spring. The tulips are nodding their heads again, glory of glories, the year's most stately messengers; and round the terrace run the arabis and aubrietia, with the bronze and gold of the wall-flowers against the dark green of the deep yew hedge.

In the fields the plough is turning over the fertile earth, and in the air the birds are singing. Nature is calling to us to be of good cheer. Men pass and armies perish, but She remains.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



False Reasoning

MOTORISTS who rejoice in speed have found a champion in a writer who argues that the majority of accidents occur in built-up areas with a 30 m p h limit.

The answer is that where there are no speed limits there are few people other than motorists using the road. Disasters occur where speed limits exist because such areas have crowded populations.

To imply that if speed limits were removed in built-up areas accidents would be fewer is as foolish as to suggest that a runaway horse would be less dangerous if it galloped instead of trotted.



She Just Grewed and Grewed

An amusing cartoon from the Baltimore Sun on one of President Roosevelt's great problems, the disposal of the vast stocks of cotton held by his Government

The Young Turk and His Manners

IT is reported that the young Turks are to be taught good manners.

The Board of Education at Angora has issued a circular on the subject, pointing out that pupils should be taught how to greet people, how to shake hands, how to salute with their hats, and how to behave at table.

The Man Who Will Win

NO work is worth doing badly, and he who puts his best into every task will outstrip the man who waits for a great opportunity.

Joseph Chamberlain,
father of the Prime Minister

A Word For Mr Hull

ONE of the most remarkable things in our overseas trade is the poor trickle of British exports to the United States.

There are some 130,000,000 Americans, and they buy British goods at the rate of 3s 2d per head per annum! In 1938 British exports to America amounted to only £1 for every £5 of American goods bought by us.

Mr Cordell Hull repeats again and again that he is all for freedom of trade; if he would only bring about freedom of American trade British exports would prosper, and we should not be continually buying gold from South Africa to ship it to America to pay for cotton, copper, and corn.

We direct Mr Hull's attention to the fact that little Denmark buys £15,800,000 worth from us in a year while great America buys £20,500,000.

Shakespeare on the Situation

A Farewell to Dictators

Farewell the plumed troop and the big wars

That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

And O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats

The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

JUST AN IDEA

It is good counsel to take everything you hear with a pinch of salt, but is it not equally good to say everything with a little bit of sugar?

Under the Editor's Table

A LADY says she often slips up the road to see her sister. Better than slipping down.

MOST quick readers skip. Not while they are reading, surely.

SEVERAL people want to take houses in the country. Hope the houses will enjoy it.

A BANK manager hates dirty pound notes. He should give them away.

A MAN puts invisible ink in his fountain-pen. Some authors might imitate him.

FOREIGNERS find our coinage hard to understand. They have heard that money talks.

PEOPLE can't find their way about in some new estates. They are put out.

A MAN says he feels drawn to Red Indians. Is afraid they think he looks a sketch.

SOME people learn gardening from a book. Take a leaf out of it.

Peter Puck
Wants To Know



If gardeners give each other sly digs

The Lady in The Corner

By a Lady in the Train

WHO are the people who sit opposite to us in the train?

Sometimes we have noticed a name and address on a valise which have filled us with a kind of awe in thinking that that quiet, unobtrusive person has taken a great share in some phase of the world's life.

Lately a traveller began a conversation with a little elderly lady who was busy knitting. After some time she opened a bulky parcel from the rack which turned out to be a mass of watercolour paintings of wild flowers, beautifully executed with the utmost accuracy. This bundle, she explained, was only one of many, for it had been her life's work to make the collection of paintings complete.

It had meant many years and much travelling, but now she had been to London to see about the publication, and the figure mentioned had been thousands of pounds.

In all human probability the sale of such a monograph could never repay such a sum to the painter of the flowers.

She spoke cheerfully, and we really hope to live to see her work, for it is well worth seeing.

And yet she seemed only a little old lady in a corner.

Not a Sparrow Falls Without His Notice

This true story comes to us from a C.N. friend living in Cheshire.

A LADY and gentleman in Cheshire were very fond of birds and used to feed them regularly.

Outside the door, looking on the garden, there was always a bowl of fresh water for the birds to drink. In the hot summer afternoons the lady and her husband would sit with the door open and throw crumbs to the birds, mostly sparrows, who became so tame that they would hop right into the room.

One day the lady noticed a sparrow behaving in a very peculiar way. It had hopped into the room, but it kept flying up towards the lady's face. This became so persistent that at last she said, "I am sure that sparrow is trying to tell me something; go to the door and see if there is a cat about." Her husband went to the door, but could see nothing, until he looked at the bowl of water, and there was a little baby sparrow, drowned.

Little Celandine

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine;
Tis the little Celandine. Wordsworth

This Day

Do all the good thou canst
This unreturning day,
For Time is like a stream that flows
Relentlessly away.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

The Wonderful Things We All Have

We have come to expect great encouragement from the speeches of Mr Joseph Kennedy, the American Ambassador: who could help being a happy man with such a troop of merry children! It will do us all good to read quietly these passages from Mr Kennedy's talk at Edinburgh not long ago.

Mr Kennedy surveyed the blessings that we still have to be thankful for in these dark days. He reminded us that:

We still had peace. Many, in anxiety about the possibility of war, lost sight of the fact that technically at least the world was still at peace. Perhaps never in history had nations been so bitter, for so long a time, without coming to open conflict. That was the most hopeful aspect of the whole situation. War was the work of men, and being the work of men was not inevitable. The fact that we had been able to escape war thus far should encourage us to hope that, somehow, we should be able to win through to a just and durable peace.

Freedom, Faith, and Love

We still had freedom. That was a blessing that was very important in these troubled times. The people of other lands might see fit to yield their liberties. We should be grateful that we were still able to retain the way of life which we had found, after centuries of experience, to be the most suitable for us.

We still had faith. Let us cherish it. The blacker the road, the more we should need it. We still had love. There was no woe that could banish love from the heart. The future of our loved ones might be beset with uncertainties and danger. That meant only that we should love them the more. We still had compassion. We should thank Heaven that, no matter how black the outlook, we had not lost the priceless gift of human sympathy.

We still had friendship. Fortunately, neither internal cares nor external dangers could extinguish the flame of friendship. We beheld on every hand evidences that loyalty had not disappeared from the lexicon of human values. There was a deep though unspoken confidence in the basic integrity of man.

We still had hospitality. The desire for companionship was one of the finer instincts of man. The uncertainties of today had, if anything, strengthened this desire.

We still had ambition. The problems of today should serve as a challenge to each of us to make the most of his own life and, in so doing, contribute to the welfare of all.

The Hope of Man

We still had knowledge. In thousands of colleges and universities, in the cities of every land, the quest for knowledge went on. Therein lay the hope of man. Through education we should yet conquer the problems that beset us, whether they be problems of the intellect or of the material world. We were the inheritors of the wisdom of the ages.

We still had courage. Business was bad; millions of men and women were unable to find work; we were wasting our substance in armaments; over all hung the dread spectre of war. The calm courage with which people were going about their business was, to him, one of the most hopeful aspects of the present situation.

We still had the will to serve. As long as we had men willing to devote themselves to the pursuit of science; as long as men and women would toil and struggle so that the truth, as they saw it, might prevail; as long as we could rise above self and dedicate ourselves to the service of our fellow men—that long the future was not without hope.

CRICKET HERE AGAIN

Rivals For the Championship

CRICKET, like summer, is "icumen in," and most likely will be well on its way before the summer dares.

It is to have, compared with last year, a quiet season, for the only visitors from overseas are the West Indians. Nevertheless, with Constantine and Martindale to bowl for them, and with some new punishing batsmen to emulate the great George Headley, they are sure to impart a certain liveliness to any matches they play with the English counties.

The question of timeless cricket, which became so acute when the last Test Match was played in South Africa, will be put on the shelf till next winter, when our Test team for Australia will occupy every cricketer's attention. The County Cricket matches this summer will be a sort of dress rehearsal for the encounter, but they will be of consuming interest on their own account; and they will afford an opportunity of testing the merits or disadvantages of the eight-ball over. If the eight-ball over discloses some new bowling talent, of which England is badly in need, it will have more than justified its trial.

The Champion County

Yorkshire, last year's champion county, has Bowes, the best fast bowler in the country, with Verity the tireless and Smailes and Wilkinson to back him; but their strength is in their batting and their compactness as a team. There is Sutcliffe, still the best English batsman on a difficult wicket; Hutton, the record breaker, with all his future before him; Leyland, the man for a pinch, and P. A. Gibb and N. W. Yardley, both bats of Test Match calibre.

Yorkshire will be a hard nut for any county to crack, but Middlesex, who were runners-up for the championship last year, will have a good try. They will have Edrich, who seems to have broken the duck's-egg of his astonishing bad luck, and Compton to make runs for them, with Brown and Robertson to give them a start. Their batting will not

be so strong right through the eleven as last year, but the bowling, with Sims and Peebles, the new captain, may be more penetrating.

Surrey, who pulled themselves up into third place, might go higher still this season, with Gover and Watts as attacking bowlers, and Parker and F. R. Brown to supply the variations of pace and spin. They have plenty of batting strength, supplied by Fishlock, Gregory, Squires, Barling, and Parker.

England's Best Cricketer

The news from Kent is not so good. Frank Woolley's flashing batsmanship has gone for good; but there are still Ames, B. H. Valentine, F. G. Chalk, and Fagg, who surely must come off this year to show us batting on its most attractive side, and to pile up runs as well. The weakness is in the bowling. Wright will have to do the donkey work.

Gloucestershire are sure of a welcome wherever they go, if only because they bring Walter Hammond with them as their captain. Whether he makes a century or not, his batting is always worth going miles to see; and no other man can displace him from his pedestal as England's best all-rounder. He will have Barnett, another Test batsman in the making, and Crapp, a left-hander, with him to make runs; and Goddard and Sinfield as bowlers to keep them down. There is also a new hope in Scott, a young fast bowler.

Notts, once such a power in the field, has fallen on lean times. Larwood, the bowler who was in the direct line of Notts classic heroes Morley and Shaw, has gone; Voce, who backed him up so well, is not so strong as he was; and Butler, who fell ill just as he was coming on last year, is uncertain.

Sussex, with the Langridges and the Parks, are all in the running. Derbyshire, if Copson can bowl his best, may spring more than one surprise, and Hampshire and Warwickshire may come well into the picture of a season full of healthy rivalry.

The Bright New Comet

A new comet appeared suddenly in the heavens last month. It has been named Hassel 1939b after the astronomer at Oslo, in Norway, who discovered it.

This comet sped rapidly across the northern sky and was remarkable for its brightness, being between third and fourth magnitude. It was easily seen by the naked eye as a hazy star, but its long tail was not so obvious owing to the presence of twilight, and then moonlight. Through glasses, writes the C.N astronomer, it could be easily seen trailing upward and extending for a length equal to about ten moons placed side by side.

Discovered in the constellation of Andromeda, the comet sped rapidly through this, and then through Perseus into Auriga.

A remarkable apparition from the depths of space, the comet must have passed relatively quite near to the earth, so fast was the apparent speed at which it travelled.

Russian Railways

A big task is before Russian railway engineers.

Within three years they have to lay a second track from Perm, in the Ural Mountains, to Kirov, a distance of about 300 miles.

The work will employ 20,000 men, and besides the laying of the new track the engineers have to reconstruct much of the old one. They will require over 15 million cubic yards of earth and three million cubic yards of ballast.

Electricity will be supplied by seven electric power stations, and there will be 265 bridges.

AN ENGLISHMAN AND HIS IDEALS

Lord Baldwin's Address to the Canadians

Lord Baldwin has been lecturing at Toronto University on the character of the Englishman and the form of self-government which his love of freedom has created. We give some passages from one of his lectures.

Fundamentally the common stuff of the English people is a stout individualism, yet with the power of co-operation and a broad and tolerant humanity. They have also humour—not wit, which is of the intellect, but humour, which is of the heart. In practice they are a kindly-hearted folk. They want to be at peace with the world, and they cannot hate for long. Nevertheless, when they have to fight their tenacity is unbreakable. But after a fight they are always ready to make friends.

The individual, I admit, does grumble. We do grumble, at the weather, at the Government, at home and abroad. But that is skin deep. We never worry. Worry works internally and affects the nervous system. In times of crisis the grumbling ceases and the nerves hold.

An Object Lesson to Europe

I rather think the Englishman admits that the other fellow may be right, but he is so intent on justifying his own conduct to himself, and ultimately to his God, that he feels the impossibility of any outsider knowing enough of his circumstances and ways of thought to justify his expressing an opinion, or attempting to influence him. His direct responsibility for his conduct is impressed on him, if not by his own study and inclination, then by his heredity and subconscious belief; and that individual relationship to a higher power is one of the deepest motives to preserve the individuality of the human soul—and that preservation demands freedom.

Some of these English qualities have played their part in the great work of the reconciliation and union of French and English in Canada. Might not this be an object-lesson to Europe at this moment, if she could learn it? In the Empire as a whole the real bond is the sharing of common ideals, the love of freedom in its highest sense, and the pursuit of peace.

The Value of Cooperation

We are not better than other people, but there has happened to fall to us an experience which has not fallen to other people. We in our Empire, after much experiment, have adopted the method of mutual cooperation in attempting the solution of our problems. We have happily been able to show that difficulties can be resolved by discussion where we are certain they could not be by force. We have found that this method of cooperation can be adapted to domestic needs as well as to those of wider Imperial import. There is nothing of complacency or self-righteousness in holding that such methods may be employed in a wider sphere and in failing to see why they should not be employed with success.

Our party system is not one of rival ideologies. The parties themselves have been rather fluid organisations without any logical process. They have the faculty of adapting themselves to changing conditions and they have arisen out of the social circumstances of centuries.

The House of Commons is the true home of democracy. It is a body of some 600 members, in which a man is judged solely by what he is. Sincerity is the main test. And as the House is moving into this strange new world, as it debates the problems of today and tomorrow, still it is conscious of tradition, still it realises that it is not a creation of today or of yesterday. It is carrying on traditions that have been handed down by word of mouth and by example from generation to generation.

The Tortoise Creeps Out of the Sand

On the steppes of Northern Asia hundreds of thousands of young tortoises are hatched at the end of April and early in May in the warm sands where their mothers laid and left their eggs.

THE end of April and early days of May see the annual harvest of the tortoises that make the wind-swept desert steppes of Northern Asia their home.

The hatching season, protracted over days and weeks, marks an event in Nature's year that is full of interest and wonder. The child of some wandering nomad may witness the entry of the baby tortoise into life; the child may grow to manhood while the tortoise keeps on growing, and that man's grandchild may come to know the reptile which his grandfather saw come from the shell so very many years before.

A Moving Fort

The tortoise is built to last. It comes into life fortified against misadventure by the possession of a shell which, completely covering its body, can receive its head, tail, and limbs, if these members are threatened by danger. It is a moving fort, a living tank, guiltless of guns or other weapons of offence.

Slowest of all the reptiles, the tortoise is unhurried even in the important matter of turning from an egg into a living thing. In the best of conditions the hatching of the egg is a matter of months, but in certain species the process begins in one

season, is interrupted during a second, and completed in a third. Thus eggs laid in the autumn begin at once the slow process of conversion into tortoises; but with the nipping temperature of winter the development is suspended. Nature seems to sleep in the egg; the very unformed babe in the egg hibernates, and does not resume progress till spring returns.

When the kindly sun of spring climbs higher and higher in the sky the wonderful process is renewed, growth continues, and at last, eight months, it may be, after the egg was laid, out crawls the tiniest of tortoises, with a complete shell, an all-embracing mantle of bone. The bony covering will grow, year after year, not one whole shell, like that of the upper or lower side of an oyster, but a shield made up of a number of lesser shields, all fused together into one. But the birth shell lingers to tell the tale of age. For each year of the tortoise's life a ring is formed round the outer edge of that shell.

But the path of the tortoise through life is not so smoothly unchequered as that suggestion of unflagging growth might seem to indicate. The reptile cannot endure cold, but must bury itself in the ground and lie as still and seemingly lifeless as the material in which it is embedded. The winters are long in the northern ranges of its territory, the summers are short, so that for all its great age the tortoise does not have to face the wear

and tear of the unending activity of most of the mammals.

But even tranquil tortoise-life has its contradictions. We speak of them as land reptiles, when, as a matter of fact, some of the most remarkable of them are almost as much addicted to life in the water as their cousins the turtles. We say that they pass more than half their year in winter sleep, whereas the greatest of all the tortoises never know winter.

A Mystery of the Steppes

Moreover, while tortoises are seldom at their best in Great Britain, whose climate is regarded as too severe for them and causes us to regard the reptiles as peculiar to hot climates, the fact is that the tortoises of the steppes have to withstand a ferocious winter. How do their eggs, not deeply buried, with half-formed young in them, survive the almost Arctic temperatures of the steppes? We have no such low temperatures in our fortunate islands, yet ours is supposed to be impossible as a land for tortoises.

As a matter of fact, tortoises have been born here. Cases have been known in London and in Cornwall, and the London Zoo has actually hatched eggs from one of the giant tortoises.

Tortoises are an ancient and mysterious type. We cannot say exactly from what strain of reptiles they arose. How they managed slowly to evolve their great carapaces of bone out of the typical reptile scales with which their line started will probably never be discovered. But that they had their great era old-time deposits in the rocks have shown us.

Even now, when their order is clearly on the decline, they number over 200 species in various parts of the world, and, as we might imagine from such a total, they have branched out into strange and fascinating forms. Indeed, one of their number, a tortoise of East Africa called *Testudo Loveridgii*, after the soldier-scientist who first found it in 1920, provides one of the surprises of natural history.

Marvel of the Reptile World

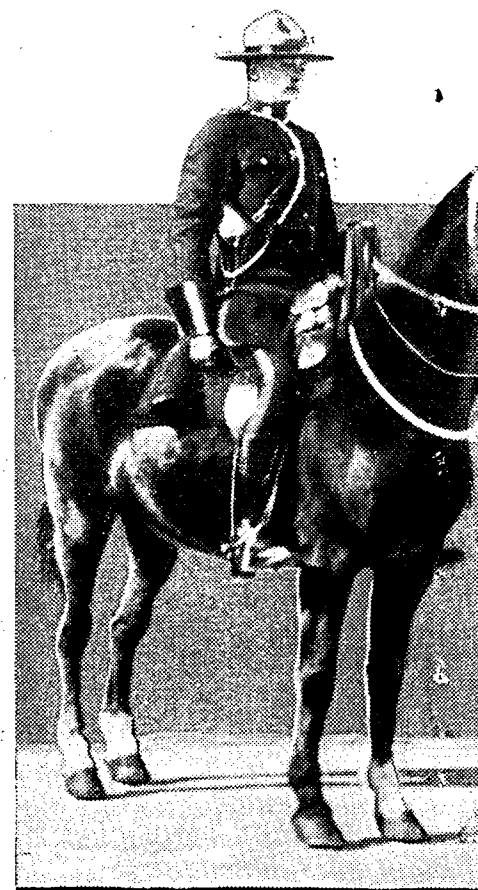
Ordinary tortoises have ribs under the outer shell that is revealed to the eye. Now, the Loveridge tortoise is quite according to the normal structure at birth; it has the ordinary type of ribs and the ordinary type of outer shell. But its home is among crevices of the rocks, so Nature has adapted it to its surroundings.

As it grows up the ribs are gradually consumed by the blood—re-absorbed. At the same time all the shell, except the edge of the carapace, softens and becomes flexible. The result is that the tortoise, entering a crevice or hole in the rock, too small to fill it, suddenly does fit and fill it, and cannot be dragged into the open even by force.

The reason is that the reptile blows itself up! It inflates its body as if by bellows. The flesh swells, and the soft shell swells with it, so that the body of the creature takes exactly the outline of the creature's retreat, and fits it as precisely as the limpet on a rock by the sea fits the little depression that it has worn for itself in its hard, unyielding bed.

Testudo Loveridgii must be ranked as one of the outstanding marvels of the reptile world.

CANADA,



Men of the

ALL eyes are turned just now towards the West, where Canada stands on top of the New World. In this century of change and turmoil the Old Dominion is the land of Promise and the Pioneer.

Her holding of the North American continent is bigger than that of the United States, with which she lives in such security of peace that all she needs for her defence are the few sticks that mark the boundary-line between herself and the most powerful republic in the world.

Farmers from the States cross the boundary unopposed to farm the Canadian wheatfields, one of the granaries of the British Commonwealth of nations; and here and there along the line a town is stationed on either side of it whose dwellers share their citizenship in common. The industries of the States and of the Dominion intertwine or run parallel, like their transcontinental railways. If the railways of the States have the longer mileage, the Dominion has her Canadian Pacific, whose name implies the splendid enterprise which made her steel rails link coast to coast.

Steeped in Romance

As with the land so with the waters. The States and Canada share the glory of the Great Lakes in common, but no craft more warlike than a police launch patrols them. These sheets of water—Lake Superior, the largest freshwater lake in the world, big enough to swallow Ireland, Lake Huron, Lake Erie, Lake Ontario—are the joint heritage of the two neighbours.

Lake Huron fills Lake Erie, and Lake Erie pours eastward to the Atlantic, crashing over the Niagara Falls on its way to Lake Ontario, which in its turn is the Father of the mighty St Lawrence, with its thousand



GYPSY SPLENDOUR

A striking portrait by Dame Laura Knight at the Royal Academy Exhibition at Burlington House
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THE KING'S VAST DOMINION IN THE WEST

A Peaceful Land of Promise and the Dauntless Pioneer



Mounties

islands, its towns, and with Montreal and Quebec on its banks.

Land of great waters, of forests and rivers, mountains and vast plains, Canada in its past and in its future is steeped in romance. The Canadian north touches the Arctic Ocean, marked with the name of Franklin and scarred with the unknown graves of Arctic explorers. On the east it covers Hudson Bay, with tales of the struggles of men who with indomitable endurance sought fortune there; on the west it takes in the icy territory of the Yukon, where yesterday men pursued the hunt for gold. The Canadian north-west, with its dauntless Mounted Police, still contributes to the news of the day many a tale of courage and loyalty.

Where Past and Present Meet

In the Far West beyond the Rocky Mountains, conquered at last by the inflexible steel road, lies Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Captain George Vancouver, who sleeps at Petersham by the London Thames, saw it and surveyed it 150 years ago, when only the Red Man had then set eyes on it from the land. Today it is the seaport for Pacific liners to China, Japan, and Australia, and lately has set up a Fairbridge Farm School, one of the wisest provisions of our times for boys and girls from the Mother Country.

It marks clearly where Past and Present meet. Last year Canada sent to England a number of pictures, exhibited at the Tate Gallery, of her homes, her land, her life and people. Among them were some by Cornelius Krieghoff, who was born just before the Battle of Waterloo, and who painted with a patient Dutch fidelity to detail the life of the settlers, their villages, their merrymakings in winter and in summer. Peace had descended on them then. The Red

Indians were no longer a menace; but near to Krieghoff's pictures were those which Paul Kane, who tramped on foot from the Atlantic to the Pacific a century ago, brought back of noted Indian chiefs arrayed in the magnificence of full dress.

They were still great men in the wilds then, and the bison roamed the Canadian plains in millions.

Today a herd of a few thousand bison dwells in one of the wild regions which still find a place in Canada's immensities. The Red Man goes to school and fills a place in Canada's commercial life, so far forgetting his old tribal gods that the Canadian

and the radium deposits have to be carried by aeroplane to the refineries hundreds of miles away. Within a few thousand square miles are Red Indians, bison, radium, and mining engineers.

Turn south, and the wilds are left behind for the fertile plains where the wheat springs up over millions of acres. Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta are a world granary which was once a glacial lake that has left behind an alluvial soil to nourish the precious grain. This gift from millions of years ago is now being steadily enlarged by Canadian (and American) skill, research, and industry, so that

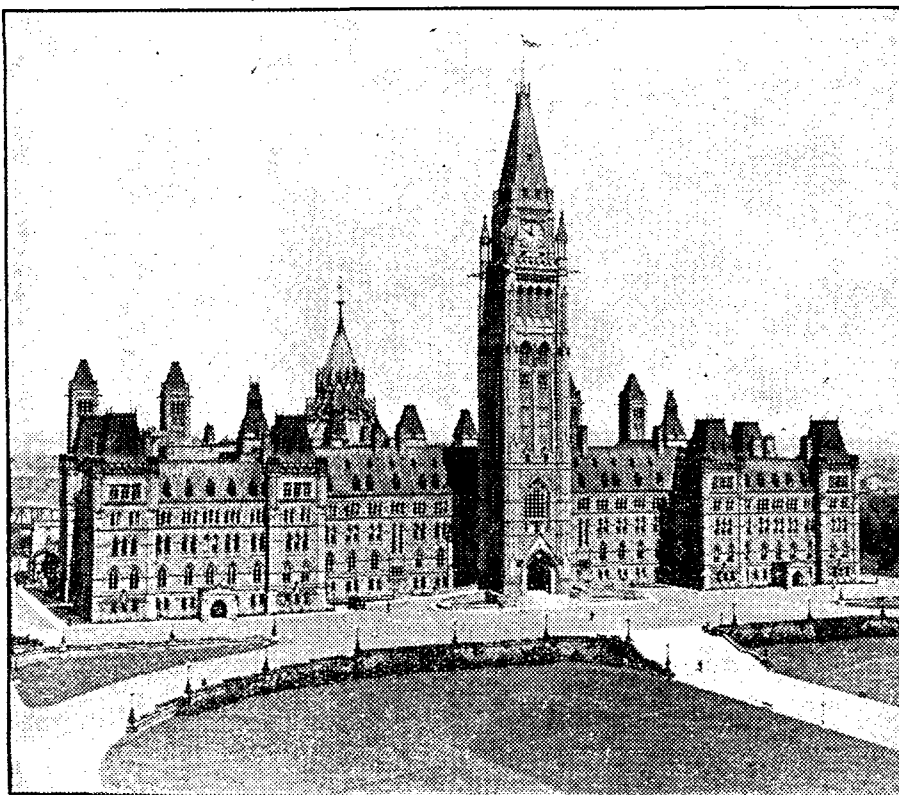
by careful choice of wheats to grow the wheat belt is ever pushed farther to the north. It will go farther still, for till now only about a quarter of the 70 million acres that might furnish food in abundance to the world is covered.

North, west, south, or east the Dominion is studded with evidence of the way in which the peaceful conquest of Nature can be carried on when there are no wars or rumours of war to hinder. Canada has had its strife in the past. Quebec with its gallant story of Wolfe's struggle with Montcalm, Fort Louisbourg, Fort Beausejour in New Brunswick, are relics of the fierce struggle between British and French (with Red Indians as guerillas) in the 18th century. But it has ended with British and French Canadians living in amity, with no other differences than can be settled in the Dominion Parliament.

Living in its Future

Trading posts and areas are identified with the long struggle for the possession of Canada from Hudson Bay to the St Lawrence. Old Indian villages and earthworks have also in late years been preserved to mark that historic time; and there are many other monuments from Nova Scotia to Prince Edward Island to mark the continuous but sometimes diverse links between the two halves of North America.

Yet Canada lives most hopefully not in its past, but in its future; in its material possessions of forest and the wheat that grows round Winnipeg, which 100 years ago was a trading post of a few houses; in its splendid cities, Ottawa and Quebec, Toronto and Montreal, with their magnificent universities; in its industrial towns; and in the boundless possibilities of them all.



The Dominion Houses of Parliament at Ottawa

Government has had to set to work to replace the totem poles which the Indians now let fall into neglect.

Nevertheless the Red Indian who fought the White Man so ruthlessly and relentlessly in the days when French and English fought for mastery in the Dominion has not altogether departed from the farthest of his habitations. On the Pacific coast, where the sea—Skookum Chuck, strong waters, as the Indians call them—runs fiercely between the islands, he still dwells in primeval simplicity. So much so that one of the primitive customs, by which a man scattered all his earthly goods as presents among the tribe, had, in his own interests, to be put down by the Government.

This also presents us with a picture of the commingling of past, present, and future in the life of Canada, which is full of such comparisons. In the wildest regions of Western Canada, marked by such names as Great Bear Lake and Great Slave Lake, are hidden stores of the rare metals, of more worth to mankind than gold, such as tungsten or radium. Canada is becoming one of the world's storehouses of radium, but the field has to be reached by a long and hard journey,



The Red Men of the Prairies

These photographs are reproduced by courtesy of the High Commissioner for Canada

LITTLE THEATRES OF SPAIN

Joy in the Dark Hours

During the Spanish Civil War a body of Republican soldiers stationed in the mountains above Madrid, guarding the water supply, made themselves a little playhouse out of a ruined building.

It took a long time, much love and devotion. Men on leave went into Madrid, 90 miles away, and picked among the heaps, bringing back bits of piping, scraps of wire. By degrees the shell of a building was transformed. It became the most amazing of the hundreds of little theatres that sprang up in war-time Spain.

It had central heating, coloured stage lights, an up-to-date switchboard. The soldiers put on one-act plays and gave concerts. A few actors now and again came a long and weary journey, at great risk, to the lonely and dangerous mountain station. It was more than a theatre: it was a door opening on a new beauty of mind and emotion. For the men it was a corrective to the strain of war. For the villagers it was a miracle. They could not read or write, had never been inside a theatre; the effect on them was immeasurable.

A New Life Flowing

On the outbreak of war the Republic took all existing entertainment places under public control. All profits were pooled; actors entered their names at employment bureaux and were paid from a central fund.

One of the common sights of the big towns was the immense theatre queues, much longer than bread queues. It was nothing for people to stand seven or eight hours for a play, regardless of danger. In Madrid there were 17 theatres, in Barcelona ten, in Valencia six, that for two and a half years were always open, always full. These are big theatres, holding about 2000 people. Barcelona alone put on over 200 new plays during the war.

There were no new films; such as existed the people had seen ten times at least. They had money and nothing to buy. Food was rationed, there were no clothes in the shops. The people turned to the theatre for some mysterious power they got from it. When a raid came the lights would flicker and go out. The spell of imagery upon them, the audience would sit quietly waiting in the dark. They were used to hunger. They knew the actors were hungry, but they would go on with the play when the lights turned up.

Wherever the army was stationed little theatres sprang up, fashioned out of any kind of shelter or tent; sometimes open-air theatres, raked by the guns. The play was so much more important than bombs and shells. Soldiers in trenches spent hours in making little puppet theatres.

Soldiers At School

When the history of the war is written another chapter will be on the new education that came of it. A great number of the soldiers who joined up could not read or write. These were drafted to special regiments and given lessons every day.

One hot afternoon an Englishman, looking curiously into one of these schoolrooms, saw an old shepherd doing a sum on the wall with a piece of chalk, a hard multiplication of 256 by 73. The two men talked a bit. The shepherd had never learned arithmetic, had counted his sheep in the old way, making marks in the sand with a twig, and his delight in the new world of knowledge was a revelation to the Englishman. He knew his sum on the wall must be right, he said, for he had done it ten times.

The British Interests in the Mediterranean

THE Italian newspapers have been questioning the rights of the British over any territory in the Mediterranean. They declare that Gibraltar belongs to Spain, Suez to Egypt, Palestine to the Arabs, and Malta to Italy.

Our possession of Gibraltar alone may be said to be open to criticism, but in justification of retaining it this country can claim with truth that it has used it for the common benefit of all nations, and in a general disarmament throughout the world Gibraltar's forts would be dismantled and the rock might then be transferred to Spain. We have held it since 1704.

Malta is a very different story, for never in its history has it belonged to Italy. Napoleon took it from the Knights of St John whom the Emperor Charles the Fifth had settled there in 1530. Charles was king of Aragon, which had secured Malta three centuries earlier, and he wished to find a new home for the Christian Knights who had been driven from the island of Rhodes by the Turks.

Two Official Languages

The British captured the island from the French, and at the end of the war proposed to hand it back to the Knights; but the Maltese inhabitants refused, and asked for, and were granted, the protection of the British by the Treaty of Paris in 1814. A new Constitution has been granted to Malta this year, with half the members of the Council elected and Maltese recognised as the official language as well as English.

The Suez Canal is international in every respect, and its status cannot be changed without the consent of the Egyptian Government, through whose country it passes and who will, 30 years hence, become its owners on the completion of the 99 years' concession, granted when it was opened.

The free navigation of the Canal was guaranteed by a Convention signed at Constantinople in 1888, when Italy was one of the signatories. The Articles declare that the Canal shall always be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, and that it shall never be used for the exercise of the right of blockade. Ships belonging to countries at war, however, may not take refuge in the Canal or its ports for more than a day. The freedom of the Canal was maintained during the Great War, and a

Remember the Hospitals

Next week will have two busy days for those good folk who spend their leisure hours with a collecting box, for on Tuesday will be held the annual street collection in aid of the hospitals of inner London, and on Saturday that for the hospitals of outer London.

Three years ago the hospitals held 77 separate flag days in London; but the number was so inconvenient that the Commissioner of Police suggested that a combined effort would be well worth while. The suggestion was adopted, with excellent results.

Every shilling placed in a collecting box next week will be worth 1s 6d, for an anonymous friend of our hospitals has promised to add a bonus to the fund this year. Many others are taking this opportunity to help this good cause, one of the most interesting being the special Exhibition of the work of the Voluntary Hospitals, open at Charing Cross Underground Station from Monday, May 8, till the end of the month.

The Queen is the Patron of Hospitals Day, and has expressed her hope that this vital and most necessary work may continue to find appreciation and support. The CN hopes so too, and reminds its London readers of their opportunities on Tuesday and Saturday next week to become themselves supporters of these homes of healing.

free pass was accorded to ships that were in the Canal at the outbreak of that war; no enemy ships passed through because the Allied Powers held the high seas at either end.

The Egyptian Government is, and always has been, responsible for the security of the territory through which the Canal passes, and the British troops defending the Canal are acting as agents of the Egyptian Government. This is clearly established in the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936, which states that the troops do not constitute an occupation, and in no way prejudice the sovereign rights of Egypt, which will take over the protection with troops of her own in 20 years.

The Canal itself is maintained by a private company, the majority of the shares being held by Frenchmen, who have 21 of the 32 directors; the British Government, which owns 44 per cent of the shares, appoints ten, and the Dutch one. More than half the tonnage passing through during the past ten years has been British; Italy's tonnage now amounts to about 16 per cent.

Palestine is administered by Great Britain under a Mandate granted by the League in 1922. The country was taken from the Turks in the war, and the famous Balfour Declaration, establishing it as a national home of the Jews, without prejudice to the rights of the native population, was embodied in the Mandate. As all the world knows, this British responsibility has proved a burden rather than a benefit to us, and we are doing our utmost to bring peace and stability to the country.

Our Highway to the East

Our only other possession in the Mediterranean is the island of Cyprus, handed over for administrative purposes by the Sultan of Turkey in 1878, but not annexed until the war. With an area of 3572 square miles and a population of some 370,000, Cyprus is administered as a Crown Colony. Having no harbour suitable for our bigger warships, it has no great strategic value.

The Mediterranean, however, is of vital importance to this country, for it is our highway to the East, over 3000 ships flying the Union Jack passing through the Suez Canal in one year; while we have a valuable trade with all the countries round the coasts of the Mediterranean itself.

The Deaf Boy's World

After twelve years of experiment the Royal School for the Deaf and Dumb at Margate has closed its farm, for its pupils prefer the employment of the workshops, where they learn tailoring, printing, carpentry, engineering, and the rest.

To town boys, to whom a breath of country life is paradise, this decision must seem strange indeed. But where is there a place where voice and hearing are more essential to enjoyment and success than in the country, with its great open fields and meadows?

To be denied the sound of the song of birds, the sight of trees waving in breezes that we cannot hear, to be unable to address a horse in the words to which it answers, to be denied the ability to summon a dog by sound, or to call the cattle or direct the sheep by voice—all this makes country life as an occupation for the deaf and dumb a painful deprivation of the commonplace privileges enjoyed by the poorest among us.

Country scenes, so lovely and so melodious to those of us who hear, must be a desolation of silence to the deaf and dumb. The workshop gives companionship, and those who work there can communicate one with another. It is very sad, but the choice of the Margate boys seems natural and inevitable, and there is the experience of a dozen years to suggest that they have chosen wisely.

GO FROM THE ANT, BEHEIRANS

Solomon's Advice Reversed in Egypt

Go to the ant, said Solomon. The Egyptian Government has had to say Go from the ant to 500 of its villagers. And to provide £6000 to enable them to do so.

Again and again we have heard of the extraordinary destructiveness to human possessions of that insect known to science as the termite and to the rest of us as the white ant. Now we have a concrete example of it, revealed by a discussion in the Parliament of Egypt.

From time immemorial some 500 villagers in the province of Beheira, have lived near a great mound which may have been the prehistoric citadel of ancient termites. Recent excavation work by the villagers revealed an unknown ancient cemetery, and out from it, as soon as it was disturbed, poured such hosts of termites that to face them was impossible.

Homes Destroyed

They carried the war into the homes of the villagers, destroyed their woodwork, clothes, leatherwork, and finally their food. The villagers were defeated and in danger of actual starvation, so Government experts were called in, to confess themselves powerless, and advise removal and the building of a new village away from the ants as the only possible way out of the disaster. It is in order to furnish this new village that the Government has voted the £6000.

Termites, one of the most destructive forms of insect life that mankind has to encounter, are chiefly represented in Africa and Australia, but there are families of them in Asia, and in North and South America. They are not domestic insects, but they become so when men, ignorant of their presence, build their homes in their vicinity. Millions of them fall victims to birds and reptiles when they come out for their wedding day; but so many survive, and prove so incredibly prolific, that their colonies grow into cities, sometimes 20 feet high, and covering hundreds of square yards.

Danger Unseen

The work of men's hands becomes a new store of food to them. They can eat their way through thin tin or lead; they enter the interior of woodwork, remaining silent and invisible, and the damage they are doing is unsuspected until chair, cabinet, bedstead, table, even the entire house, collapses.

Like the Arctic mosquito and the tropical tsetse fly, they live unaided by man so long as their haunts are not invaded, but once man appears in their midst he and his belongings are a fresh source of supply to them. They eat his telephone and telegraph poles, they eat his boots, his bedding, his wireless set, everything that is his.

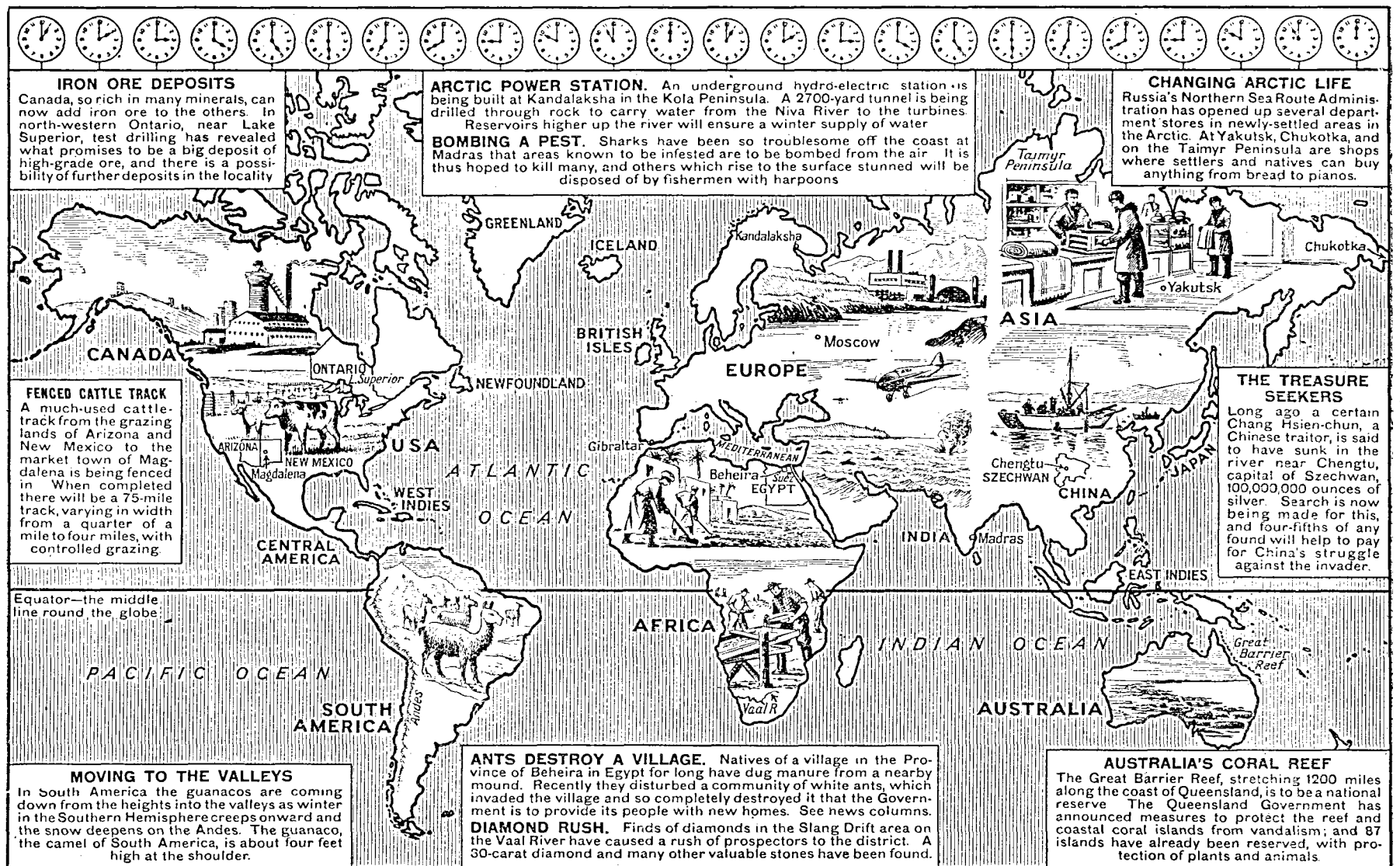
Many a colonist has had to take refuge in flight before them, but this village in Egypt is the first whose misfortune has ever appeared in the annals of a parliament. See World Map

Seven Feet of Tail

Visitors to Taronga Park Zoo in Sydney can hardly believe their eyes when they see the rarest attraction of all just now, the Yokohama cock, with a tail seven feet long.

These specimens are rarely seen outside Japan. The overgrown feathers are the tail coverts and not the true tail feathers. The bird's remarkable tail is only on view for two hours each day. Then, as is the custom in Japan, the tail is wrapped up and held together by rubber bands, so that the bird can eat and play to its heart's content with the hen, who is a very homely-looking bird, very different from her mate.

CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



A LITTLE BIRD WILL TELL US

Pigeon Post in Time of War

If wireless should fail in any national crisis a little bird will bring us the news.

At least 500,000 homer pigeons for the conveyance of messages from aeroplanes and other sources of information where wireless has failed will be available for the Government, should they need them. All the chief pigeon-breeders in the country will be proud now, as they were 25 years ago, to lend their trained birds for the work.

Pigeon Post is one of the oldest forms of mankind's wonder-working with the humbler creation. The news of those old Olympic games of the Greeks was sent to the towns of the competitors by pigeon post; and from then on these birds have never ceased to render service of the same kind as bearers of written messages. Until recently pigeons served many newspapers as dispatch-carriers, especially in the provinces.

The most spectacular thing of the kind was that carried out by French pigeons when Paris was besieged during the Franco-Prussian War. Paris-bred birds were brought out and set to fly home with messages. These, printed or written in printed characters, were delivered to recognised centres open for transmission, and cost, in addition to a registration fee, 5d a word for not more than 20 words a letter.

At a despatching office the letters were reduced to the tiniest miniatures by micro-photography, which reproduced them on films of collodion. Two hundred letters were thus photographed on a single film; and nearly 300 films, bearing in all 50,000 letters, yet weighing all told not more than a gramme, formed the burden of the average pigeon, whose fees for such a batch of much-in-little represented over £11,500 in postage.

Tree Climbers of the New Zealand Bush

Visitors to the native forest of the northern peninsula of New Zealand never fail to gaze in awe at the daring of the bushmen who climb straight up the giant kauri pine trees, using foot and hand spikes.

Just imagine a giant tree with a trunk a dozen feet or more thick, and without a branch for 50 feet up! How to climb it would be a puzzle for most of us.

The bushmen who climb these trees do not risk their lives for fun: they climb in search of the gum or resin of the kauri which oozes from the bark. The gum is sold for making varnish.

The climber wears bushmen's clogs, on the wooden soles of which sharp, beak-like steel hooks are screwed. In each hand he carries stout steel bars, the top ends fashioned into spikes turned to slightly less than a right-angle.

The climber literally runs up the tree, using foot and hand spikes alternately. To get down the tree after gathering the gum the climber puts his rope over a limb, wriggles into the seat of a kind of boatswain's chair, and lowers himself down to the ground.

A Cotton Mill on the Move

The CN has already told its readers of the wonderful way in which the universities of China have moved about the country in face of the Japanese advance.

Now a cotton mill of 50,000 spindles has moved 1000 miles up the Yangtse. The move was effected by road, railway, steamer, and junk. This in face of air attacks and other difficulties.

At the moment the damaged machinery is at last dumped on a bare hillside, but 4000 coolies are levelling a site, and 2500 spindles are already hard at work in temporary huts.

The Chinese deserve to win.

Gog Magog, the Cambridge Giant

The good news that the Gog Magog Hills, just outside Cambridge, are to be preserved from the builder has raised again the inquiry of how they got their name.

In the current number of Antiquity it is said the Gog Magog of Cambridge was a figure like the Cerne giant of Cerne Abbas in Dorset, which is cut in the chalk of the hill north-east of the village, and stands 180 feet high.

The Gog Magog Hills do not stand so high, though they are the highest ground between Cambridge and the North Sea, and they also are of chalk. The story that a giant figure once was cut on them in sight of the Roman road which crosses them is generally accepted; and it is sometimes said that Cambridge undergraduates made it. But there are reasons for believing it has a greater antiquity, for it is mentioned by Joseph Hall, who matriculated at Cambridge in Elizabeth's day. He writes of the giant whose picture the scholars of Cambridge go to see on the Gog Magog Hills, so that it was evidently an ancient curio in his time.

Before Cambridge converted the Gogs into a golf course they became agricultural land, and so remained for centuries, which explains the giant's disappearance.

Pools Hit Postal Workers

With the issue of postal orders and in other ways the football pools have been making things hard for postal servants.

Sub-postmasters, whose work is greatly affected, passed a resolution at their conference at Birmingham calling for additional payment for these extra duties.

Unfortunately, too, the pools have led to the conviction of a number of persons for sheer fraud. Why does the Government permit such an evil to continue?

THE WAR AT HOME

Down With the Slums

The war at home is the war on poverty, of which the slum is one of the chief symptoms. Let us see how it progresses.

In March local authorities condemned slum areas containing 5339 houses, affecting nearly 20,000 poor people. In a month, that is, order has been given for 20,000 more people to be rehoused.

At the end of March no fewer than 236,000 houses had been condemned, affecting nearly a million poor people. Over 50,000 new houses are under construction. To have rehoused about a million slum-dwellers is a great battle won on the home front.

Saving Up For May 26

The Great War veterans in Alberta are very busy just now making arrangements for all schoolchildren throughout the province to be conveyed by car to Calgary to see the King and Queen, who plan to spend two hours there on May 26.

We hear of much excitement in one family in The Pas, Manitoba, where a father has promised his children that if they save enough money from the household expenses he will take them the 500-mile journey to Winnipeg to see their Majesties.

The first economy the children thought of was the saving of electric light. Their house, which used to be always blazing with lights carelessly left burning, is now shrouded in darkness, and the children gather round one light in the dining-room to do their homework! One little girl is saving money on hair-cuts by growing her hair, and another is giving up butter for breakfast. Even the father is expected to do his bit too, and has been urged by his seven-year-old daughter to miss one of his club lunches occasionally and thus save "a whole half-dollar."

A GIRL AND HER CLOTHES

Good Food More Important Than Finery

Poorly-fed people are the first victims of disease; unless the body has energy to resist invasion it easily becomes the victim of the many ills that flesh is heir to.

Dr Temple Clive of the Benenden National Sanatorium, in a lecture to nurses and others, referred to the attractions of dress to young girls, and said that they often sacrificed proper meals to spend money on dress, hair-waving, cosmetics, and entertainments.

He pictured a young girl, perhaps having had no proper breakfast, travelling to work in any weather in a crowded bus or train and working in an office from eight to ten hours.

For lunch, said Dr Clive, she would probably have sandwiches, and when she returned home she might or might not have a proper meal. In the evening she would probably go to some unhealthy crowded atmosphere in a cinema or dance hall, and return home late and exhausted to snatch a few hours of sleep. At week-ends, instead of resting or taking graduated exercise, she would often cycle a long distance for "a breath of fresh air." Such long rides were more likely to cause a breakdown in health than to improve it.

The address was a warning to feed well, to take exercise in moderation, and not to "burn the candle at both ends." There is no doubt that it is all necessary. The incitement to spend the greater part of a small income on dress is the main danger. We must all remember that health and beauty are the same thing, and that the tawdry painted beauty of the chemist is nothing compared with the beauty of Nature, which is free for all.

The Ticket in the Country Bus

The new bus tickets issued on country roads tell the passenger nothing.

They bear numbers and a printed date, but give no clue to the stage to which they relate. One before us says:

The number of the stage at which the passenger enters the omnibus must be printed on the ticket, and the passenger is entitled to travel to the stage as shown on the table of fares.

Why should the ticket not give better information?

As for the conductor, his life has become very difficult. He is furnished with a wonderful punching machine so complicated that it takes a considerable time to issue a ticket. The punch is also a printing-press! When an omnibus is full and contains 30 sitting passengers in addition to strap-hangers it is impossible to get all the printing and fare-taking done in time to collect fares from those not travelling very far.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of May 1914

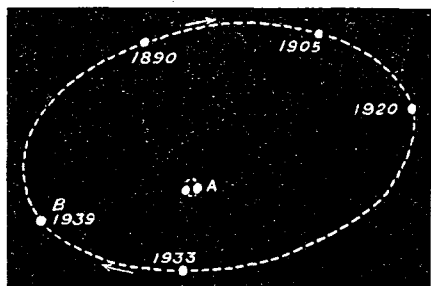
The Old Way in New China. Strange events are happening in China. Matters could hardly have been worse than during the reign of the last of the Manchu dynasty, but the conversion of China into a Republic, with Yuan Shih-Kai at the head, seems unlikely to bring material benefit. They began with a Republic and an Imperial Parliament, and a host of little parliaments scattered all over the Empire. The Parliament vanished long ago, dismissed with enormous daring by Yuan, who next ordered the dismissal of all the lesser governing bodies as well. Thus the power to rule over this strange Empire of over 4½ million square miles and more than 400 million people passed into the hands of one man.

Is the Universe Wasting Away?

WHAT THE BEAR'S FOOT REVEALS

A MOST interesting region of the constellation of the Great Bear is that of his left hind Foot, represented by the two stars Nu and Xi, writes the C.N. Astronomer. They will be easily found by means of last week's star-map a little way to the south of overhead in the evening.

The little star Xi is actually a grand solar system composed of three suns at a distance of only 23 light-years. The arrangement of these suns and their involved motions are very remarkable,



The Solar System of Xi in Ursa Major, the Great Bear, showing the twin suns of A and the various positions of B during the last half century as seen from the Earth

and are indicated in the drawing. At the centre of this strange solar system we find no sun, but some way from it are two suns at an average distance apart of about 73,000,000 miles. These revolve round their centre of gravity in 665 days, travelling, therefore, at a much slower rate than our world does round our Sun and averaging only 4½ miles a second compared with the Earth's 18. These facts are found spectroscopically, for, owing to their great distance (about 1,450,000 times farther than our Sun), they appear through the telescope as one star, which is known as Xi Ursa Majoris A.

The telescope, however, reveals another star, Xi Ursa Majoris B, revolving round A. This is another sun, or shall we say a world-in-the-making, still blazing furiously, but with fires that are dying down. It is at an average distance of 820 million miles from the other suns of Xi, that is nearly as far as Saturn is from our Sun; but the precise distance varies a very great deal, as can be seen from its orbit. Its relative position as seen from the Earth is

indicated at some different dates, for its motions have been followed since the year 1826.

During this time Xi B has travelled nearly twice round the other pair, for it takes 59 years and about 300 days to complete its orbit. Thus this planetary sun travels very much slower than our planet Saturn, which takes only 29½ years to travel over a larger orbit. We see, therefore, that Xi B, like the suns of Xi A, is remarkable for its very slow motion compared with some solar systems.

This is very significant and touches upon a great problem when the advanced age of the solar system of Xi is taken into account; for while the suns of Xi A are of nearly the same age as our Sun, that of Xi B is much more advanced, as would be expected. It would appear that there is a relation between the age of these suns and their relatively slow speed, for the speed at which a celestial body travels round another depends largely upon the other's greater mass, or weight of material. Stated simply, the greater the mass the quicker the smaller body has to travel to avoid falling into the greater. Now, we know that mass changes with age and in the course of millions of years quite a large proportion of a blazing sun is radiated away; so, as the relative masses of adjacent suns are reduced, always in different proportions, the suns tend to separate more and more, and therefore, in accordance with Kepler's Laws, to travel slower.

Where Will It Stop?

As all the stars are radiating away so much of their substance, we thus arrive at the great problem of the general "running down" of the Universe. As there is a general retardation of motions with age, one wonders where it is going to stop, particularly as other factors are also operating to the same end, the degradation of energy from a high level to a low one and its apparent dissipation to no one knows where. How suns are going to be rejuvenated and worlds made young, or the old ones disposed of to liberate their hoarded energy, is really a very fascinating problem, for otherwise all things material must end in ultimate decay and a Universe dark and still. G. F. M.

Wolfscoote Hill For the Nation

ONE of the finest viewpoints in Derbyshire has been given by Lady McDougall to the National Trust as a memorial to her husband, Sir Robert McDougall, who more than anyone laid the foundations of that National Park which will extend for miles to its south.

This magnificent gift is Wolfscoote Hill, which rises to a height of 1272 feet above the east bank of the River Dove as it runs from the broader Beresford Vale on its course to the lovely Dove-dale. With Gratton Hill rising steeply to over 1100 feet on the Staffordshire bank of the Dove, and beyond it the Trust properties of Wetton Hill and Ossoms Hill, between which the River Manifold flows, Wolfscoote Hill forms the northern boundary of the proposed National Park.

Already the National Trust owns the rugged Biggin Dale, a natural gorge to the south-east of Wolfscoote Hill, and from where this dale enters the valley of the Dove it is possible to walk freely for many miles with the magnificent outlet of Dove-dale at Thorpe as our goal.

It was only last Christmas that 554 more acres were added to the thousands owned or protected by the National Trust, and that splendid addition was mainly due to the generosity of Sir Robert McDougall, who from 1933 until he passed on never missed a year without a gift to preserve for ever the beautiful landscape here.

Wolfscoote Hill is crowned by a Bronze Age barrow, which was opened nearly a century ago, when a tomb built of limestone blocks was found containing the remains of two young children and a neatly-ornamented urn. Between the barrow and the river stands the 17th century Wolfscoote Grange; and, not far away, the ruins of the tower of Old Beresford Hall and that one-roomed Fishing House built by its owner, Charles Cotton, and immortalised by its association with Izaak Walton.

From a long spur in the limestone of Wolfscoote Hill we look over one of the fairest of our English scenes, and it is indeed fitting that this spot should stand for ever as the memorial of the man who did so much to safeguard it.

Crying For Mother

Windsor Station in Montreal was more like a zoo than a railway terminal one night recently when three black bear cubs arrived from Northern Ontario on their way to New York State.

Only a week old, they howled lustily for Mrs Bruin, and the porters were at their wits' end to know how to quieten them. Then someone produced a baby's bottle of milk and for a while all was quiet. But baby bears have big appetites, and the only way the porters could insure peace was to take turns in feeding the tiny creatures all through the night.

LOOK TO YOUR FEET

A Great Thing to Learn When Young

Foot trouble is easily brought about, and no one is too young to learn that the feet need great care.

The New York Labour Department publishes an excellent study which points out that good general hygiene requires that the feet be kept immaculately clean, thoroughly dry, well cushioned against irritation, and that the shoes should be big enough, properly fitted, and in good repair.

Children and adults alike are tempted to wear broken-down old shoes for working purposes. Girls may be seen wearing bedroom slippers or old high-heeled shoes which are no longer fit for dancing.

Shoes should be sturdy and of a proper size and shape to suit the feet. They should always be kept in good repair and discarded as soon as they lose their shape. Run-down heels and worn soles make it impossible to walk correctly and cause fatigue and pain.

Many Bones Make a Foot

Most people are surprised when they learn the number of bones which go to make up the foot; the number of joints of these bones; and the numerous ligaments and muscles which exert a pull upon them, each in its own direction. The relationships of the bones in the longitudinal and transverse arches of the foot break down under abuse and cause "flat-foot."

It is surprising how few people know how to walk correctly; look in any street at the unhappy girls on their high heels. The toes should point straight ahead, not outwards. When the toes point outwards the weight of the body is thrown on the inner part of the foot instead of the outer part, and the foot tends to "roll in," so to speak, or to get out of balance. We need to understand the necessity of rising on our toes ever so slightly when we walk, getting a springiness into the gait, instead of using our legs as inflexible stilts, which is the common practice.

People who have to stand still for hours on end in the course of the day suffer a greater strain on the feet than in constant walking, because standing still induces stagnation of the vein circulation and causes varicose veins.

A Complaint and a Remedy

The condition of athlete's foot is extremely common. It is caused by a fungus acting in conjunction with bacteria under certain conditions—moisture, darkness, and the presence of decaying matter. Excessive perspiration and excessive wetting of the feet are important causes. The wearing of rubbers, which increases perspiration, increases susceptibility to the disease. It can be warded off by the use of absorbent socks and by daily bathing with a disinfectant.

The foot-bath is a common remedy for aching feet, and it should be used intelligently. After the ordinary warm foot-bath an excellent procedure is to immerse the feet alternately first in very hot and then in very cold water about 15 or 20 times. This provides exercise for the muscular coats of the blood-vessels, thereby greatly improving the circulation of the feet.

Here are simple exercises which are helpful to persons whose feet are muscle-bound: Rising on the toes about 20 times; walking on the toes; standing and walking on the outer margins of the feet; and using the feet to grasp with, in the same way that one grasps with the hands. The best way to perform the last of these is to stand on a book with the toes extending over its front edge. The toes are then bent up and down as far as they will go. This may be repeated about 15 to 20 times.

PLENTY OF STEEL

Another Record

Again Britain is producing plenty of steel. The March output was a record, reaching 1,170,000 tons. Yet in December last we produced only 655,700 tons.

The armament orders are beginning to tell. The shipyards are delivering a new warship *every week*. Helped by the Government subsidy, shipowners are placing orders for new merchant ships. Steel for guns, for rifles, for tanks, for lorries, for aeroplanes, for service buildings, are mounting. The record of March will certainly be beaten.

The shipbuilding subsidy comes just in time, for at the end of March only 596,000 tons of new shipping were under construction in British yards, as against 1,089,000 tons in March 1938, and as against 2,107,000 tons under construction abroad.

The Sharks of Sydney Harbour

English visitors to Sydney are always very much impressed by the beautiful ocean beaches, but do not relish the thought of the sharks lurking beyond the breakers.

For safety's sake Australians always bathe in crowds. From high towers erected on the beaches lifesavers watch for tell-tale fins, aeroplanes patrol the breakers dropping different-coloured streamers to show if all is well or if there is danger; but in spite of all these precautions the shark bell is usually heard many times at each beach during the season, and then everyone races helter-skelter.

This season, however, shark alarms have only been one-tenth those of previous seasons, and this is thought to be due to the fact that for the last two years a fleet of small boats subsidised by the Government has been meshing the sharks between Palm Beach, 20 miles north of Sydney, and Cronulla, ten miles south of it.

Competition Result

In C.N. Competition Number 77 the two neatest and correct lists were sent in by Doryce Freckingham, Sunnyside, Elston, Newark, Notts; and Norah McCabe, 37 Maple Road, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The 25 prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

Myrtle Adams, Gloucester; Joan Blake, Belfast; David Blatcher, Southall; Sylvia M. Dixon, Wembley; Barbara Edwards, Stoke-on-Trent; Jean Elson, Hitchin; Kathleen Fentiman, Ealing; Gordon Field, Birmingham; Margaret Hammeton, Birmingham; Robert F. Herrick, Brighton; Thelma Hewitson, Harrogate; Sheila Johnson, Hull; Stuart Jury, Harrow; Alwyn Kennewell, Nottingham; Margaret Kennewell, Nottingham; G. Laslett, Belfast; C. M. Leach, Liverpool; Mary Lucas, Slough; Shelagh Owers, Sidcup; Roy Phillips, Bredgar; Eileen Sinclair, Wimbledon; Edward Sucksmith, Bradford; Rita Thorogood, Stoneleigh; Teresa Turner, Muswell Hill; E. M. Wadham, Bristol.

The correct answers were:

1 F Stable. 2 A Road under repair. 3 H Ship's cabin. 4 C Drawing-room. 5 D Lighthouse. 6 E Bedroom. 7 B Coalmine. 8 G Cyclist.

The prizewinner whose name is marked with an asterisk obtained a new reader and is awarded an extra 2s 6d.

Outsize Tickets

There must be a great many fat people in Hungary, to judge by the order issued the other day by the Hungarian railways.

The order says that any person requiring more sitting room in a train than the normal amount must pay an additional charge.

It will be very awkward and cause much embarrassment if the outsize in passengers has to get weighed before buying a ticket. It will certainly be an added inducement for him to diet.

POOR LITTLE OLIVERS

Improving Their Meals

It is just over a century since Charles Dickens published *Oliver Twist*, revealing to his shocked and startled countrymen the dreadful conditions to which poor children were submitted when dependent on local authorities for their upbringing.

Today officers of the Board of Education show that in some of the Cardiff schools under-nourished children who have to be fed at the public expense have been faring little better than Oliver.

At one of these centres, it was discovered, 200 children were fed on mince that contained only eight pounds of meat. At another only a gallon of milk was used to make a rice pudding for 100 children, while at a third the meal supplied consisted of only a thin slice of sausage, potatoes, and a doughnut.

Oliver's meals were less varied: a little basin of thin gruel with 2½ ounces of bread, three times a day, with half a roll on Sundays, and an onion once a week. It was not the quality, however, but the quantity that drove the boys to draw lots to see who should go up and ask the workhouse master for more. Oliver being the unfortunate one, it fell to him to make the awful request, and it was upon him that the punishment fell. One of the guardians said that such a boy must surely come to be hanged.

At Cardiff it is different; nobody will be hanged, but the dietary is to be changed and increased; places where food is eaten are to be clean and allow the little diners to sit down; and, their fees having been increased, those who supply the food will be struck off the list if they offend against the regulations. So the world moves.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Here are details of the School Broadcast programmes for next week.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Science and Gardening—Potato Diseases and Their Prevention: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Preparatory Concert Lessons—More Stories in Song: by J. W. Horton.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Physical Training (for use in halls). 11.25 History in the Making. 11.45 Physical Training (for use in classrooms). 2.5 Our Parish—The Castle Rock. 2.30 Our English Speech (6)—The Art of Speaking and Reading: by Harold Orton. 3.0 Concert Lesson—Words and Music (1): by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 World History—The Lost Colony of Roanoke: by D. Scott Daniell. 2.30 Biology—Past Ages: by H. Munro Fox.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Senior Geography (The Nomad settles down—Transformation of Turkestan): by F. McDermott and Ella Maillart. 2.5 Nature Study—Wasps: by Eric Parker. 2.30 British History—Crops and Commons: by C. S. Orwin.

FRIDAY, 2.5 A Travel Talk—At Hong Kong and Canton: by Florence Dean. 2.45 Play—The Three Golden Hairs of Grandfather Allknow. 3.10 Helping the Farmer (2)—The Food of Animals (A feature describing the work of the Rowett Institute, Aberdeen, where research is made into animal nutrition). 3.55 The Changing Background to Foreign Affairs (1)—Political.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 and 11.45 as National. 2.5 Round the Village—The Tractor Man: by John R. Allan. 2.30 Senior English—The Kailyard School (1): by John R. Allan. 3.0 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 11.5 Speech Training for Juniors—Humming Sounds (1): by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Biology—The World of Sight: by R. C. Garry.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Making Tunes: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Birds of the Waterside: by G. W. MacAllister. 3.5 Scottish History—Bonnie Prince Charlie: by E. B. Watson.

FRIDAY, 2.5 British Empire Geography (The Near East, 2, The Nile in the Desert): by K. H. Huggins. 2.45 As National.

IT'S TOUGH WORK BEING A TRAIN WRECKER!



Famous British Film Director MILTON ROSMER
who made 'THE GREAT BARRIER,' tells you how film men keep going



It's a lot of fun making 100 tons of railway engine take the wrong turning.



No fake studio stuff about these boys. The real thing for them—however tough.

'We wrecked trains and dynamited whole hillsides to make the "Great Barrier." The C.P.R. co-operated with us wholeheartedly. In all we spent 15 weeks in the Rockies—mainly around Lake Louise. But often we were filming several hours' travel away from the nearest possible base. We often started out at 4 or 5 in the morning, trekking through forests and up mountains for hours—and that before we even started work! It was pretty hard going—and the food problem was often worrying. So I never set out without some Cadburys Milk Chocolate in my pocket. It was easy to carry, pleasant to eat and satisfied the worst hunger.'

And here's what schoolgirl **BETTY HILLS** of Westcliff says about Cadburys

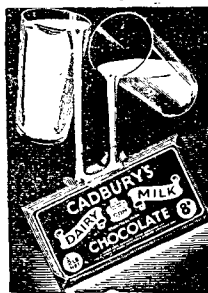
'Swimming, diving, hockey and music are things I am best at. Mother often gives me a block of Cadburys to eat during the "break" at school. She says it is good for me and gives me energy—and I DO know that it tastes good.'



THAT'S WHEN CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE FEEDS YOU ON YOUR FEET—KEEPS YOU UP TO YOUR JOB

CADBURYS Milk Chocolate is cram-full of nourishment—'cream-full' in fact, with a glass and a half of fresh full-cream British milk in every half-pound as well as the high food value of the chocolate itself. Whenever work or games makes you tired and

you get that empty feeling, remember that Cadburys Milk Chocolate is more than something that's nice to eat—it's the finest energy snack known. And it's so handy—just slip a 2d. block into your pocket or satchel. Get a block of Cadbury's to-day.



CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE
... feeds you on your feet

FORTUNE LANE

Short Serial by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 1 Fair and Square

PETER QUENTIN closed his book with a snap. "That settles it!" he muttered, under his breath, then for the next few minutes he sat as still as a stone, staring in front of him.

He hardly spoke a word for the rest of the day, but after supper he crammed the book into his pocket and sought out his father.

"Dad," he began, with his pleasant freckled face all in a glow, "can I tell you something, now we're alone? I don't want to go back to school next week, if you please, Dad."

"Have you taken leave of your senses?" his father demanded.

"On the contrary," ventured Peter, "I think I've just found them."

"But you are happy enough at school!" "All the time. But at school I'm only one of the herd, and I want to get out of the herd."

Peter had been speaking excitedly; now he paused, and, nodding his head with its mop of curly hair, he pulled out a book and handed it to his father.

"Oh, look," he pleaded. "Look at the title: How I Began. Dad, it's the lives of famous men who started from nothing and climbed up and up. They'd a pretty tough fight for it, but they got there all right."

"But you're only fifteen," said his father, after glancing at the book.

"But, Dad, you're always saying how big and strong I am for my age. Please, do give me a chance," implored Peter.

For some long, silent minutes his father regarded him thoughtfully; then, "Well, I'll talk it over with your mother," he promised. "Go to bed now, and we'll have a chat after breakfast."

And in the morning Mr Quentin opened his mind. He said, "I can trust you. You've never let me down yet, Peter. For that reason I am willing to give you your chance. But, with your brothers and sisters to consider, I can't give you much else. Understand that?"

Peter's eyes were shining. "I don't want more," he cried eagerly. "I mean, I don't want money, if that's what you're thinking of."

"I can spare a few pounds." "Quite enough, Dad. Because I've got to make good off my own bat."

"Yes. But upon my conditions," his father said, watching his face. "I shall put you to a stiff test. Now listen! For twelve months you can go and do your best, Peter. Today twelve months, you will return here. If you bring me some evidence then that you are making good you can carry on. If not I shall send you back to school."

"Good enough!" agreed Peter, as he stepped to the wall and marked the date on a hanging calendar. "There! Twelve months today!" he exclaimed. "And what sort of evidence am I to bring?"

"You know how precise I am," said his father, weighing each word, "and making good seems rather a wide expression. So I shall pin you down to concrete evidence, Peter—tangible evidence. Do you agree?"

"Yes," said Peter.

"Because, you see, although there is so much that counts more than money, selflessness, for example, and good faith, and courage in trouble, nevertheless material success in this world is counted in the terms of pounds, shillings, and pence. So I am bound to measure your results in the same way."

"Yes, I see that," said Peter.

"Very well. So on your return here in twelve months' time you must be able to show me either that you possess £50 in solid cash, or that you possess £50 worth of stock-in-trade. That's a stiff test."

Stiff enough! Peter reflected. Then, perceiving how critically his father was watching him, he drew a deep breath, and replied, very slowly, "I'm game."

"All right. And you must keep in touch with me, Peter. You needn't report from time to time how you're getting on with your venture, that'll keep; but you must let me know that you're fit."

"That's fair enough," declared Peter.

"Fair and square," said his father.

Each knew that the other would keep his share of the bargain.

But jobs do not grow on every bush. So it came about that, three or four weeks later, Peter found himself facing a little

man of a bright and very birdlike appearance, seated at a table littered with papers in the inner of two rooms where Stripp's Employment Agency carried on its affairs. And the little man, having looked Peter over benevolently, was uttering: "So you wish me to find you a job, do you?"

"If you please," Peter said, rather breathlessly, having pelted up the five flights of stairs to the office.

"Good! Very good! Very good indeed!" said Mr Stripp. "That is just what I'm here for: to find people jobs."

He passed across the table a printed form. "Just sign your name and address to that, please—yes—in the space at the bottom there." He watched Peter sign. "And our fee," he remarked in a cooing voice, "will be ten shillings."

"Ten shillings, sir!" echoed Peter.

"Yes, if you please. The jobs on our books are first-rate ones, you know. But we strictly reserve them for clients on our books also."

Phew! thought Peter, whose little stock of money had melted like mist. Still, thinking again, ten shillings wasn't so much for being shot into a first-rate job straight away; especially considering that he had been in London three weeks now, hunting everywhere without success.

"Here you are, sir!" He produced a treasury note, which Mr Stripp tossed casually into a drawer. "And now, my dear lad," he inquired, his head on one side, "just tell me exactly what kind of a job you prefer?"

"I don't mind what it is, sir," said Peter, much cheered, "so long as it gives me a chance to save up. Unless a fellow starts saving he'll never get on."

"How true!" approved Mr Stripp, with the air of a father. "My dear lad, there's nothing like thrift. Make thrift your sheet-anchor. And your opinion is," he continued, "that it is impossible for a boy in an office to save?"

"In London he might, if he lives with his people," said Peter, rather flattered that such an expert should seek his opinion. "But if he has to pay for his own board and lodging he can't save."

"Oh, capital!" beamed Mr Stripp. Then, glancing again at the form which Peter had filled, "But apparently you live in London yourself?"

"Only for the moment, sir," Peter explained. "I am staying with relatives, and, of course, I can't continue sponging on them."

"No, no! Never sponge!" Mr Stripp said, in horrified tones. "Independence! Paying your way! That's the motto, my lad. So you want a living-in job? Good!"

"Sir," joyed Peter, "you have hit the nail on the head."

"But that's what I'm here for, to hit my nails on the head. Now, let me see," Mr Stripp continued, reflecting. "Ah, I have it! Would a nice page-boy's job suit you?"

"I should look fine in buttons," grinned Peter.

CHAPTER 2 Test of Mettle

THEN Mr Stripp touched a bell, which brought in an old gentleman in a faded frock-coat, who shambled up to the table and blinked watery eyes at his master.

"Er—page-boys, Trimmer?" the latter demanded.

"Nothing doing, sir."

"Nothing doing in page-boys! Amazing!"

The clerk preserved silence.

"Come, come, Trimmer! Lift-boys? Boot-boys? Ships' boys?"

"Not in our line, sir; nor never was," croaked the old gentleman.

But his master pressed on undaunted. "Cow boys?" he rattled. "Butchers' boys? Bakers' boys? Tinkers' boys? Bell-buoys? Come, come, Trimmer!"

"Nothing doing," repeated the ancient. "Car-boys, Trimmer? Car-boys?" urged Mr Stripp.

But a gloomy sniff was all Mr Trimmer provided.

"Dear me! Dear me!" Mr Stripp smiled most kindly at Peter. "Then in that case I am afraid, my dear Quentin," he chirped, "that I don't see how we can help you. Not at the moment. But we will keep your name well before us. Trimmer, take care that we keep our young friend's name well before us."

Then Mr Stripp jumped up and stretched out his hand. "So I'll wish you good morning, Quentin."

Peter shook the extended hand and Trimmer's as well. These compliments exchanged, he stood where he was, to the astonishment of Mr Stripp, who had sat down again but now lifted his head in inquiry. "Well? And what," twittered he, "are you waiting for?"

JACKO ON THE JOB

WHEN Jacko tried to borrow five shillings from his mother for a new bat his mother very naturally asked what he had done with the old one.

"Well, as a matter of fact," admitted Jacko, "I was hard up in the winter and sold it."

Mother Jacko shook her head. "You're always wanting money," she said severely. "If you want it you must earn it, like other people."



"What do you think you are doing?" asked an angry voice

"That's all very well," Jacko confided to Chimp, a little later. "But how?"

"Can you tell me," asked a voice behind them, "where I can find a window-cleaner?"

"There's a chap—" began Chimp; but Jacko stopped him with a kick.

"I can get them cleaned for you, sir," he said, very polite all at once.

"Thank you, my lad," answered the man. "I'm a stranger here and I don't know the tradespeople."

And he gave Jacko his address and a sixpence, and went away.

"Money for jam!" exclaimed Jacko, when he was out of earshot. "Come on. Let's borrow a pail. We'll do the job ourselves!"

They got the pail all right, and, when Mother Jacko wasn't looking, a couple of mops, and off they darted to "earn an honest sou."

"How much do you think we can diddle

the old chap for for the job, Jacko?" asked Chimp, dipping his mop into the pail and splashing it on the window.

Unfortunately he hadn't noticed that it was slightly open.

It was suddenly jerked up from the inside. "Hi, there!" shouted an angry voice. "What do you think you are doing?"

The answer he got was a dripping mop—full in his face!

"Scoot!" cried Chimp. And they took to their heels.

"My job, sir," said Peter.

"I have informed you that we have nothing for you today."

"Then if you don't mind, sir, I'll have my ros back."

His bright and birdlike friend appeared too shocked for words. When at last he recovered his voice, "My dear lad," he gasped, "I have never heard such an astounding demand in my life!"

"No, sir?" said Peter, unmoved. "But it wouldn't be thrifty to pay you ros for nothing."

"For nothing!" exclaimed Mr Stripp. "You paid me that money for placing your name on our books."

But Peter remained unimpressed. "I thought," he responded, "that I paid it for you to put me into a job?"

"Oh, dear me, no! You paid it to be on our books."

"Then you ought to have told me," frowned Peter.

"Have told you what?"

"You ought to have told me before I handed it over that it was only the fee to be on your books."

"You didn't suppose—"

"But I did," said Peter. "And you yourself know as well as I know, Mr Stripp, that I thought all the time you were finding me a first-rate job. A 'first-rate' job, that was your own expression, remember." And he looked his benevolent friend very straight in the eyes.

"Preposterous," muttered Mr Stripp, turning his head aside.

"That ros," said Peter, "was nearly all the money I've got left."

"A pity! But that isn't my fault. Good morning. Good morning!"

"My ros, please, sir," said Peter.

Mr Stripp waved a scandalised hand. "In all my born days," he cried, "I have never heard one of our clients ask for his fee back!" He turned to the aged Trimmer. "Have you?" he demanded.

"Yes, often," was the perfidious Trimmer's reply. His master glared at him.

Then Mr Stripp's eye came round to Peter again. But this time there was no benevolence in it. "Out you get!" he snarled.

Breathing harder, Peter replied, "Throw me out if you can, but I'm going out—"

"Then go!" spluttered the rogue.

"Yes, but wait a minute," smiled Peter, keeping his temper. "Unless you pay up, I am going out to plant myself downstairs on your doorstep and warn any callers against you. I shall tell them you're nothing but a fee-snatcher, squeezing money out of greenhorns by shamming you've jobs to offer. If you'd explained that the ros was only a booking fee, instead of pretending that you'd got a first-rate job waiting," continued Peter, ramming every point home, "then I couldn't have complained, but I wouldn't have parted with my money. Not I, Mr Stripp! And that's that!"

The rogue was looking more and more uncomfortable; nor did he find any support from the venerable Trimmer, who went shambling out of the room with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Supposing," Mr Stripp got out with a wrench—"supposing that I give you—er—two shillings back?"

"No, five," said Peter, who had had enough of the knave. "I'll let you off with five shillings this time. I'm sick of you." And, "That settles it!" was his next remark to himself, as he marched away with half of his ros salvaged. "At any rate, you have bought five shillings' worth of experience!" he continued philosophically, under his breath. "And you've had enough of hunting for jobs, you shall make your own jobs, and be your own master!"

And then, having taken leave of the cousins with whom he had been staying, he shouldered his knapsack and turned his back upon London. As he had started off the moment the sun rose, it was hardly past midday when he arrived at a colony of newly-built little houses. He had noticed how the streets had thinned some way back, and after that a stretch of grimy hedges and tired-looking fields where not so long ago the cattle had browsed, and now, without warning, this cluster of small red-brick houses jumping out at him, so to speak, with some bungalows too and a new church among them, and a High Street. Yes, veritably a High Street, with shops opened and shops to let and shops half finished.

"That settles it!" declared Peter, addressing a sparrow which had perched itself upon the telegraph wires. Then, coming to a halt, he stood staring around him. He discerned a tiny street that branched off the main street. He went to its corner, to read its name on the wall: FORTUNE LANE. "That does settle it!" Peter repeated.

TO BE CONTINUED

Your Child's Health is at Stake



When it comes to choosing medicine for your child there can be no two ways. Nothing but the best is good enough. A child's health is priceless and a wise mother will not dream of taking chances where that is concerned—she will never gamble with 'cheap,' untried preparations.

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Contributions

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Just Pays Our Way"

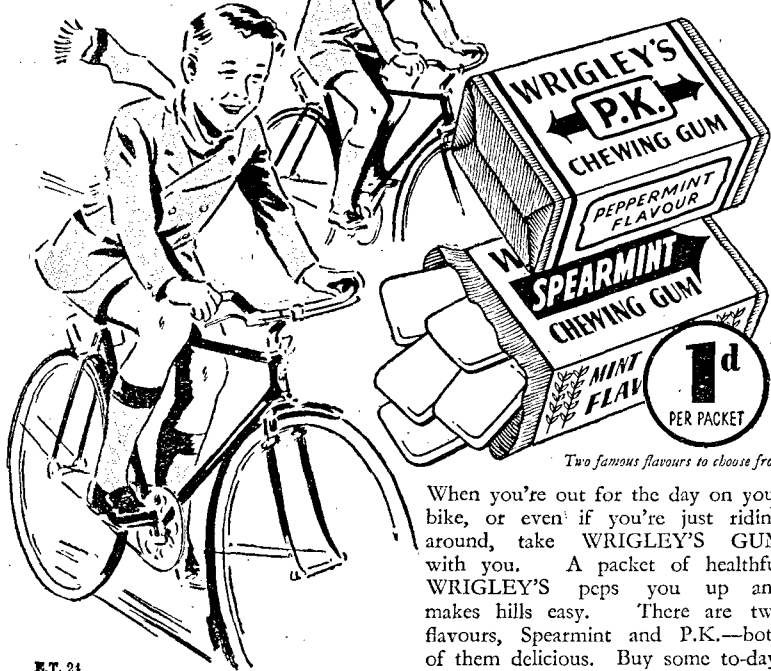
—BUT THAT EIGHT POUNDS
IS HARD TO FIND!



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The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney
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The CN in its present form is 20 years old this year. Will you do it a good turn?

If it is to hold its own in an age of ever-pressing excitements (football pools, films, wireless), a paper unsustained by rich advertisement revenue must have a constant accession of new readers.

If every CN reader would win for it one more, or would give an extra copy away each week, it would be a birthday gift indeed,

a new lease of success and
influence for 20 years more.

Is your faith in the CN worth 2d more? Will you fill in this form for some child, some institution, some old folk who would like a cheerful paper once a week?

Please deliver the Children's Newspaper each week to

and debit my account

Will you give this to your newsagent in celebration of the CN's 20th birthday?

It would be something done for Peace and Goodwill, and would strengthen the CN on its way to its 21st-birthday in an age with hardly time to listen to

the Still Small Voice

MARIE REALLY ARE SARDINES!

ELISABETH

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When your own holidays are under consideration, please remember our 16,000 very poor children for whom we plan a day in the country or by the sea. The cost is 2/- for each child.

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EAST END MISSION
Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 6, 1939

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Find the Flowers

BELOW are clues to the names of four flowers:
Frog's noise; ourselves.
A letter on another letter.
An untruth; be without.
A bird; part of a cavalryman's outfit.

Answer next week

Queries

I CANNOT understand a lot
Of things I have to learn;
For if the sun is really hot,
How is it we don't burn?
Nor do I understand at all
Why pinks are sometimes
white;
And if the earth is like a ball
How can we stand upright?

Oh!

WHY is O the noisiest of the vowels? Because it is indispensable to a loud noise, and all the other vowels are inaudible.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Neptune is in the south. In the morning Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn are in the east and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the moon at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning, May 9.



Speed

A MAN with a vivid imagination was boasting of the speed of some of the express trains he had ridden in. He said that he once went through a forest so quickly that it looked like one tree.

What Happened on Your Birthday
May 7. James Nasmyth died 1890
8. Lavoisier, the scientist, guillotined in Paris . 1794
9. John Brown, slavery abolitionist, born . 1800
10. Rouget de Lisle born . 1760
11. Justinian the Great born 483
12. Hubert de Burgh died . 1243
13. Maria Theresa born . 1717

A Writing Lesson

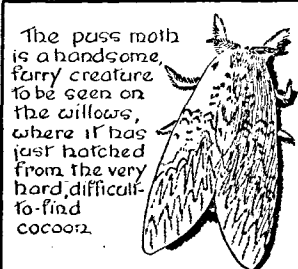
AS soon as Billy saw his father comfortably settled in an armchair he gave him a pencil and a sheet of paper, and said:

"Daddy, please write down the figures 1 to 9, but leaving out 8."

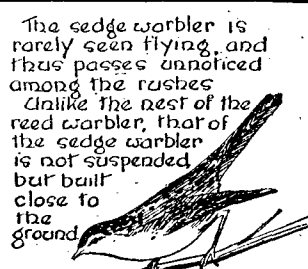
This done, Billy asked Father which figure he thought was the most badly written, and Father selected the 2.

"Then please multiply your line of figures by 18," said

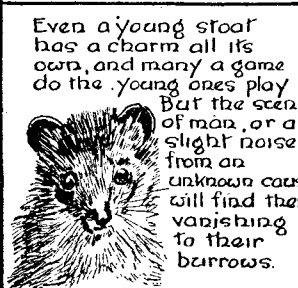
In the Countryside Now



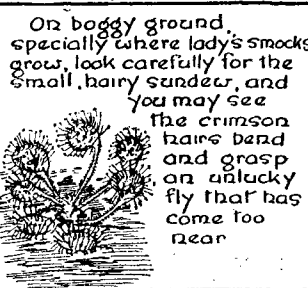
The puss moth is a handsome, furry creature to be seen on the willows, where it has just hatched from the very hard, difficult-to-find cocoon.



The sedge warbler is rarely seen flying, and thus passes unnoticed among the rushes. Unlike the nest of the reed warbler, that of the sedge warbler is not suspended but built close to the ground.



Even a young stoat has a charm all its own, and many a game do the young ones play. But the scent of man, or a slight noise from an unknown cause will find them vanishing to their burrows.



On boggy ground, specially where lady's smocks grow, look carefully for the small, hairy sandew, and you may see the crimson hairs bend and grasp an unlucky fly that has come too near.

Billy. Father worked out the sum, and the result was:

12345679
18

98765432
12345679

22222222

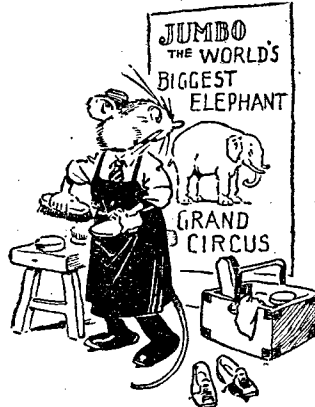
"Very good!" laughed Father. "You have given me a little practice in making the figure 2."

The explanation is that if the figures be multiplied by multiples of nine the results will be all twos, all threes, all fours, and so on, according to the figure selected.

General Knowledge

A SCHOOLBOY wrote in his examination paper that "an optimist is a man who looks after your eyes, and a pessimist is a man who looks after your feet."

The Boot Boy



An elephant is so very big,
He's difficult to lose.
I'd love to see him dance a jig,
But hate to clean his shoes!

Common Complaint

Two Negroes were having a somewhat heated argument.

"What's de matter wid you is dat you've got no brains," said Sambo.

"No brains?" echoed Joe. "Why, Ah've got brains Ah've never used yet."

Ici on Parle Français



Une échelle Les rideaux Les livres
ladder curtains books

Maman fait le nettoyage du printemps. J'ai grimpé sur une échelle et j'ai épousseté les livres et les rideaux.

Mummy is spring-cleaning. I got up on a ladder and dusted the books and the curtains.

Enigma

THEY give great pain;
Yet he gives pleasure.
His works remain
The Scotsman's treasure.
If at this word
Again one looks,
Romance is stirred,
For one sees brooks.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

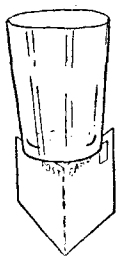
Peter Puck's Fun Fair

Girls' Names, Adeline and Caroline.

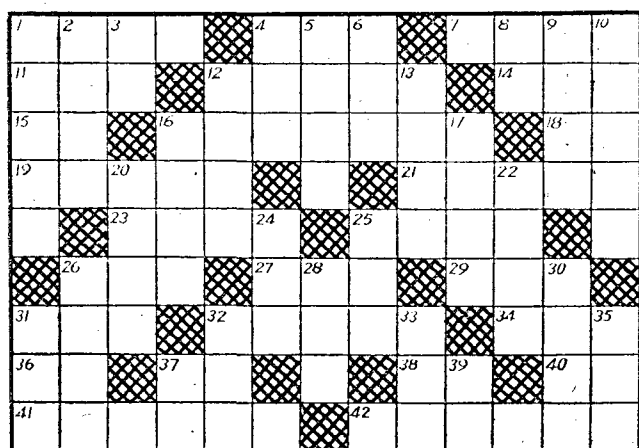
Add a Letter. P-ark. P-ear. P-eel. P-ink. P-roof. P-lace.

Tumbler Trick

Fold the postcard as shown



The CN Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1. The footballer's aim. 4. A Spanish nobleman. 7. This gives light. 11. A boy. 12. A kind of picture puzzle. 14. A high pointed rock. 15. French for and. 16. Money matters. 18. Royal Academy.* 19. In advance. 21. Respecting. 23. To check. 25. A whirlpool. 26. To open, as written by the poet. 27. Every one. 29. A male descendant. 31. The firmament. 32. A flat fish resembling the turbot. 34. A cup of this revives one. 36. A conjunction. 37. War Office.* 38. A preposition. 40. Direction whence the rains come.* 41. Northern. 42. Thinly scattered.

Reading Down. 1. A flash of light. 2. A solemn affirmation. 3. An announcement.* 4. An animal's lair. 5. Popular Scottish watering-place. 6. Member of a religious sisterhood. 8. Same as 38 across. 9. The first part of the day. 10. To babble. 12. To travel on a horse. 13. The horse-mackerel. 16. Destiny. 17. Finishes. 20. To discover something concealed. 22. A little isle. 24. To spoil. 25. This is 45 inches in England. 26. This plant of the mallow family sounds like an appeal to a big black bird. 28. A covering. 30. A promontory. 31. To weep convulsively. 32. A big serpent. 34. A round in a race. 35. Reverential fear. 37. You and I. 39. Territorial Army.*

Five-Minute Story

A Scare in the Night

BUMP, bump, bump!
"What was that?" cried Marjorie, raising herself in bed with a jerk.

"Did you hear it, Jean?" she gasped.

"Yes," came the muffled reply from Jean, who had wriggled under the bedclothes for safety.

The two girls were staying at Uncle James's farm, but he and Aunt Ruth had been called away and had left Cousin Jack in charge.

Bump, bump, bump! The noise began again.

Jean gave a flying leap across the room and scrambled into Marjorie's bed. "It's over-head!" she screamed.

Marjorie jumped out of bed and lighted the candle.

"I'm going to find out what it is," she said.

Picking up the candle, she cautiously made her way to the far end of the landing.

Just then she heard a door open at the other end of the corridor, and to her intense relief Jack's voice shouted, "What's all the row about?"

The next moment he was beside her.

Bump, bump, bump! There it was again.

"Oh, Jack, what can it be?" cried Marjorie.

Taking the candle from her hand, Jack ran along the corridor to the foot of the attic stairs, up which he tore three stairs at a time.

Marjorie could hear him walking about overhead. Then his footsteps ceased. Suddenly he burst out laughing.

"Who carried the apples up here yesterday?" he called out.

"Jean and I," stammered Marjorie.

"Well," cried Jack, "next time you put them into baskets make sure the baskets stand firm."

Mystified, Marjorie ran up the stairs, followed by Jean, emboldened now that Jack was here.

Jack pointed to the bench that stood against the attic wall. On the bench lay an overturned basket half full of apples. The rest were strewn all over the attic floor.

"There's your bogey!" laughed Jack teasingly. "But," he added, "I guess it gave you a real fright."

"It did," cried Marjorie and Jean in a breath.

"But Marjorie was the braver," cried Jean, "for she went to investigate."

Marjorie shook her head doubtfully. "I was every bit as frightened as Jean," she said.

"Which goes to prove how brave you were," said Jack, with an approving smile.

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